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YOU MAY BE THE CANCER TYPE! — page 21

THE DANCER AND THE DIPLOMAT — page 22



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CAVALCADE

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COLIN J. FERGUSON, P.C., Esq.
177 Union Street, Seattle,
is attorney for defendant, who
and wife, GENEVIEVE MURRAY,
were arrested at approximately
10:30 p.m. on Saturday, April
25, 1942, in the rooming house
Lodge Inn, BURLAND property,
Crosscut Street, Seattle.

4831 2004

More on the cancer front. You should read "Dogs And Sound Waves For Cancer"; "The First Air Ace Of All," sole of Captain Albert Bell; V.C.; Peter Horrocks tells of Hester Dowden, a spinster whose experiments provoked worldwide discussion; "Did She Bring Wives From The Gene?" is the title. A compressed and informative article is "Shield Wives Before You're Young"; James Hollingshead tells of the murder of a beautiful girl and the consequences of her death; "There Isn't Sunburst Man" relates some highlights in the life of Maxine Rosenberg; D'Arcy Niland, Roy Mitchell and here goes, as in the Home Of The Month and the used Camisole feature.



THE DANCER AND THE DIPLOMAT

PETER HARGRAVES

She could not dance well enough for classical ballet, but her beauty made her the toast of all Europe.

ANTONIO RUIZ, the Director of Dancing at the Teatro del Principe in Madrid, sighted one morning late in 1958 at the rehearsal hall necessary duty that confronted him. For two hours he had been testing a vivacious, beautiful, 18-year-old Andalusian half-gypsy girl for a position on the theater's famed ballet.

Now he had to reveal that her ability was no more than mediocre and, while she would probably get many engagements on other stages where the patrons paid for beauty rather than dancing, there could never be a place for her at the Teatro del Principe.

A strange-looking pair, who now

were watching with adoring eyes at the dancer, had brought the girl to Ruiz and demanded an audition. They were her mother—a gypsy, variable, middle-aged old clothes dealer—calling herself Catalina Ortega—and her mother's friend, Manuel Lopez, a former charcoal-burner, bandit and smuggler, but now a cobble.

Catalina's dancing director, by her deceased husband Pedro Duran, a barber of Malaga, was named Jose. Generally called Pepita, a Spanish colloquial form of Josefa, she was slowly to enter into a romantic and impossible liaison with an aristocrat English diplomat.

When told the Director's decision,

Catalina Ortega flew into a rage. Woe then, she screamed, the reward for her scraping and saving to pay for Pepita's dancing lessons and the expensive silk dress she had bought specially for the audition!

Embarrassed, Ruiz, as well as Pepita and Manuel Lopez, tried to pacify the aroused woman. At a last resort, the Director related and said that if the girl went on with her lessons for a few more months he would see her again. He even volunteered to send one of his own skilled male dancers, Juan Antonio Oliva, to her house to provide the tuition.

Satisfied with this arrangement, the trio returned home to await the coming of Pepita's train. He proved to be a handsome, virile young Spaniard only a year older than his pupil, with whom he immediately fell head over heels in love.

One reason for Juan Oliva's attraction to Pepita may have been the romantic rumour current in the district about her birth. A full gypsy, Catalina Ortega as a girl was reported to have been the mistress of the Duke of Osuna. Many gave him the honour of being Pepita's father, instead of the hawker Pedro Duran.

The prospect of linking himself, even remotely, with the fabulously Duke of Osuna would be an alluring one to the ambitious, seductive dancer, Oliva. A direct descendant of the Borgias on the Spanish side, the Duke still lived in the grand manner of his forebears. The splendour and extravagance of his household were legendary. He was so wealthy that he was able to travel from Madrid to Warsaw by coach and sleep in one of his own caravans each night en route.

The magnificence of such a noble and powerful old grandee fathered a child to a poor, ragged, gypsy girl—as Catalina Ortega had been—was not noticed by the neighbours to whom Pepita's mother whispered the story.

Duplicity Oliva's tactics for a full year, Pepita could not improve her dancing sufficiently to win Jose's love. But later did she take the Teatro del Principe. All Oliva's pleading for her could not make Juan change his mind that the girl just did not have the necessary talent.

Enraged and out of loyalty to Pepita, Oliva resigned his own position in the company. On January 16, 1959, they were married. Then, accompanied by Catalina Ortega and Manuel Lopez, the couple set out for Valencia, where Juan had the offer of a new engagement for himself.

Some weeks later, Juan Oliva returned to Madrid alone. The mystic love match between himself and Pepita was dissolved. Although they did not secure a divorce, they were never to resume married life together.

For a few months after the separation, Pepita's friends in Madrid heard nothing of her. Then suddenly her name was blazoned through Europe. She was famous, successful and earning fabulous sums in Germany, France, Italy, and England as an exotic Spanish dancer, "The Star of Andalucia". The girl who could not get a job in Spain was acclaimed as "The greatest artist to cross the Pyramids".

After Oliva had left, Pepita made up her mind to test the opinion of Antonio Ruiz, that she would be a great success where the adoration depended on charm, personality and beauty rather than actual dancing skill. So, leaving

her mother and Lopez, she packed her dancing dresses and took a coach to Barcelona, where she was immediately engulfed in the bustling throngs of a new adventure.

From there she went from one engagement to another, her popularity with entrepreneurs and audiences growing with each fresh appearance.

At Copenhagen, enthusiastic devotees whitewashed the horses of her carriage and drove it through the streets tumultuously. The usual gold German uniformed her in Frankfurt, Stuttgart and Berlin.

In London, on May 23, 1921, the Times announced: "First appearance of the Spanish dancer, Pepita Pepita Oliva, direct from the Teatro del Principe." Actually Pepita's only performance there had been the unhappy audition only a little more than two years before.

From her earnings, Pepita sent generous sums back to her mother, who had been continuing her dealing in second-hand clothes in Valencia since the break-up of her daughter's marriage.

Soon Catalina, accompanied by Manuel Lopez, was able to go to the little village of Albolote, near Granada, buy a house, garage service and assume the life of a lady of wealth and position.

It was during her sojourn at Stuttgart in Germany that Pepita met the young Prince Eckbury whose wife she was to fall madly in love and begin a romance that set half the tongues in Europe wagging.

The son of the Earl of Warwick, and later to become Lord Beckville, his name was Lionel Beckville-West. Years afterwards Beckville-West recalled they had fallen in love at first sight.

In Albolote, Catalina spent most of her time boasting of her famous daughter. All the undersleap and neighbours were regaled with tales of the large sums of money she earned.

Catalina boasted of Pepita's conquests in love. Sometimes she said the recipient of Pepita's favours was merely a mysterious "foreign prince". At others she stated he was the Prince of Metternich, the Prince of Bavaria or even the Emperor of Germany.

"That there was no such person as the Emperor of Germany at that time," had been pointed out, "made no difference to Catalina. She had merely invented him over 18 years before he came into actual existence."

Although Pepita's acquaintance with the German nobility was neither as wide nor as intimate as her mother claimed, she did transfer her affections to a "foreign prince" for a few months in 1920. She was quite unable to remain faithful to one man exclusively, however much she might love him both before and after the many temporary affairs into which she strayed. Beckville-West knew her fallings. He was always ready to let her return to him without a word of reprimand.

The affair with the "foreign prince" continued when Pepita went off to Munich to fulfil a theatrical engagement. There, busy with business affairs, Lionel, busy behind and had concealed himself in an unavoidable period of enforced constancy.

Not just as Pepita. "I was in Berlin," Beckville-West later said. "When I heard that Pepita was living with Prince Youssoupoff at Munich, I meant to quarrel with the fellow,

but was persuaded not to by an old servant.

"Instead I wrote to Pepita, excommunicating her as an her conduct. She answered by letter, begging me not to make trouble, saying she was going to leave Youssoupoff, which she did."

An appointment to the Paris Embassy enabled Beckville-West to set up Pepita in a permanent abode. He purchased a house at Ascot and visited her and their children there as often as he could get away from his duties.

As she grew older, Pepita developed a passion for respectability. She could never marry Lionel, as her own and John Oliver's religious scruples prevented them getting a divorce but she could call himself a noblewoman and have cards with "Countess West" and the Beckville coat of arms printed on them.

"The pathetic part," her granddaughter has written, "is that, although she had her visiting cards, she had no one to visit. She was not considered respectable enough to have cards on any of Lionel's friends."

In March, 1922, Pepita was expecting her seventh child. Beckville-West could not get away from Paris, but had arranged to be informed by telephone of the birth and the condition of Pepita and the baby.

On the ninth of the month, he was advised of the safe arrival of a son. Two days later, another telegram bluntly told him that mother and child had both died.

Nearly frantic, Pepita's lover obtained leave of absence and rushed to Ascot. He arrived and entered the room where she lay, with the wooden figure of the dead baby beside her, and surrounded by weeping servants and her other weeping children.

"He ran forward," says his grand-

daughter, the famous writer Victoria Beckville-West, "and threw himself on his knees beside the bed, sobbing out that it was he who had killed her. It was in vain that they tried to comfort him by telling him that she had died with her name upon her lips."

The five other children four had died of Pepita were placed in the hands of a local woman for a few years and then settled in England by Beckville-West, who eventually became Lord Beckville.

When he died, the title passed to his nephew, who was also named Lionel Beckville-West — after Pepita's son, Henry, had lost a bitter court battle for it and the inheritance that went with it.

Only one of Pepita's children benefited from their father's title. This was the eldest daughter, Victoria. She had married her cousin, the same Lionel Beckville-West. Ironically, when her husband won the title over her brother, Henry, she became Lady Beckville.



THE MAN WHO BEAT A HOODOO

LEWIS BRADSHAW



Two men and a shark died, and each of the three was in possession of Watson's watch. Was it coincidence?

MOST men have their struggles. In their pursuit of achievement and success they go up one step and drop back two. The dogged ones who last realize that they have to accept an harsh adversity, so many failures, it's all part of the process of getting to the top. And curiously the setbacks are kind by the measure of ambition itself. The man makes his mistakes, they do not happen to him by chance.

To Henry Watson they did. He was a man who worked hard all his life. Mild, sensitive, but deeply determined, he started from nothing and gradually improved his fortunes until he was able to buy a business. It failed. He tried again, and lost another. It also failed. Again and again he tried, but without success.

It wasn't that he lacked acumen. The business, in fact, would be profit, paying, and then out of nowhere, without apparent cause, came the first ruinous blow. Watson could not understand it. He put it down to inevitable bad luck. But it seemed to be more than that. It was as though some malign spirit was actively exercising its evil power in ill life—something outside himself, something smacking of diabolism.

Watson was unsure of what next to turn and spent weeks boggling in indecision when he finally decided to set up business as a undertaker in Shoreditch. It was a profession he had learned in his youth. The practice went well; he had more work than he could handle, and he became rapidly af-

flicted. Two years went by, and Watson left that at least he had shaken off the jinx. But the evil force that seemed to spin around him as a planet around the sun was ready to strike in a way stronger than ever before.

It all began the day some fishermen on the river Thames near Fulham dredged a shark into their boat. It was still alive but so sick as to be harmless. Over time feel took form nose to tail and more than six feet around the thickest part of its body, it was the largest shark ever taken in the Thames.

That was enough cause for extraordinary interest, but when one of the fishermen, wondering what had caused its sickness, opened its belly with a knife the spectators proclaimed with surprise horror, and then moved forward, avid with curiosity. No less amazed, the fisherman drew from its maw a silver watch, a metal chain, and a necklace real as well as several pieces of gold lace.

A search was made for other evidence, but there was none. The police formed the theory without difficulty that the articles belonged to some young confidence of good name. But who was he? They believed, after consulting bibliographical experts, that he had definitely been swallowed by the shark, and that the body and other parts had either been digested or vomited the watch and the gold lace had remained a fixture, and because of them the shark was in a dying state when captured.

But the question was how did the young man come to be in the sea. Was it murder, suicide, or accident?

Fortunately, there was one additional clue inscribed on the watch was the name Henry Watson. Less

than No. 1387. The mechanism was in disrepair. No sooner had these facts been publicized than Henry Watson immediately contacted the police. He identified the watch as one he had sold to a man named Sylvester Thompson of Whitechapel. Thompson had wanted the watch to give as a present to his son who was making his first sea voyage.

Thompson was found, and he said the watch was certainly the one he had given his son. He had presented it to him just before the boy had gone aboard the ship Polly, under Captain Vane. The Polly when about 10 miles off Plymouth ran into a gale. Young Thompson was last seen standing at the stern. As the vessel gave a sudden lurch he fell overboard and disappeared. His body was never recovered. That was two years before until that moment when he held the irrefutable proof in his hands. Sylvester Thompson had gone on hoping that one day his son might turn up.

The case was discussed and closed for the police, but not so for Henry Watson. Sympathetically, he offered to take the watch and repair it like new, thinking, as he suggested to the conveying man, that Thompson might like to retain it as a keepsake. Instantly he realized he had made a mistake. Thompson, in a fury of grief, told him that he wanted no such hideous memory to pass it to Watson, and snatched it from him to do what he liked with it, but he never wanted to see it again.

Watson took the watch, repaired it, and kept it safe and handy. He thought that Thompson might one day change his mind. Once his distress had gone, the man might finally decide to own such a personal belonging. But Thompson died not long afterwards, and Watson, somehow depressed, found himself

at a loss to know what to do with it.

One day a well-dressed man came into his shop, and said, "I understand you possess the famous watch that was found in the shark's stomach not so long ago."

Watson nodded. He was used to the curious coming in and asking for a sight of the timepiece and its circumstances.

"I'd like to buy that watch."

"Buy it? Bah—bah! It's not for sale," Watson answered, wondering if the man was serious.

"I'll give you fifty pounds for it."

Watson gaped. He was stunned. He said as calmly as he could: "May I ask why you are so interested in buying this particular watch?"

"I want to give it to my nephew," the wealthy man explained. "His history seems to deserve that, or, indeed, it does not. He's never done talkish about it. He's intensely interested in oddities. I don't care if the watch doesn't work, but if it does all the better. It'll make it fifty guineas."

Watson couldn't reject the offer, and the watch changed hands.

"You will find, sir, that it keeps perfect time, and certainly nobody would ever know that it had once been in the belly of a shark," Watson said cheerily, overcomes with delight at the sale. He went into the house and told his wife. She was just as excited. To them at that moment their world, once so full of hard knocks, never seemed brighter.

About three months later the news came through that a ship, *The Dolphin*, after running into a heavy storm, in which a man was washed overboard, had put back to port. That was little in itself, but when Watson learned that the name of

the unfortunate man was James Anderson, that he had been standing at the stern when the ship pitched and the wave struck, and that the cushion had occurred about ten miles off Plymouth, he was dumbfounded.

It was almost a duplicate of the Thompson tragedy.

For hours he pored over it, and to his wife: "Do you think there is any reason in it?"

"In what?"

"That watch and the deaths of those two men?"

She nodded at the idea, but Henry Watson was not relieved. He could not help talking to friends and customers about the amazing coincidence. Watson realized it; he was making a mark for his own safety. For, although he was honored and much-admiredly addressed for his opinions, it was an age of superstition, and there were many who began to believe in some occult relationship between the watch and the deaths of the men, especially as the circumstances were practically the same.

"You're a fool!" Watson's wife rebuked him, though somewhat unfeeling herself. "What did you have to open your mouth at all for? People are starting to talk—only a few perhaps, but a few can do a lot of harm with their whispering and evil minds."

Watson knew she was right. This thing could snowball, sink him quickly in disgrace. People would avoid him and custom fall off. His business could be wiped out, as all the others had been. To others it might not have appeared as ominous as first, but to Watson, with his fearful experience of the past, the possibility was not distorted or exaggerated.

"I'm bewildered," he said. "When

HEARTS AND FLOWERS

He met her in the garden,
When the moon was shining
bright,
Without a "Say your pardon",
He kissed her at first sight.
She did not seem to mind it.

It must have been all right—
She was a marble statue;
But he was right that night.

—RAY-ME

among other things, a watch with a metal chain and a cornelian seal.

The watchmaker, Henry Watson, sat in a stupor of despondency.

He was certain now, and he couldn't get the idea out of his head. That in some way the watch he had made was cursed. Their master of it, he was convinced, had led to the deaths of both Thompson and Anderson.

A sense of guilt worried him. He felt responsible for the tragic fatalities. The thought gave him no rest. He knew that it would haunt him to the end of his life, an shadow on everything he touched. And he couldn't bear the prospect of that watch going perhaps from one person to another causing death and suffering. Unless he knew that it was destroyed, he felt, he would never again have the courage or the will to go on living like. Was this the master stroke of the evil force that capriciously struck at him—to drown viability at his source?

young Thompson died I didn't even suspect there might be something strange about it. But now that Anderson has gone . . . I can't help but think—well, there is something unusual about it."

"But what makes you think that Anderson had the watch on him?"

Watson looked at his wife with a new light in his eyes.

"No, I don't know that, do I?"

"And, at any rate, if he did it's gone down in the depths with him and cannot cause any more harm now—if it ever did cause harm."

Watson's appressed feelings were shattered, for three weeks later Anderson's body was washed up on the coast. When this news reached him Watson's first reaction was consternation, quickly followed by anxiety. Had the body been crushed? What was found on it? He could scarcely contain his distress. He neither ate nor slept during the agony of waiting for this knowledge. And then it came.

On Anderson's body was found,

Watson lost no time in visiting Anderson's home 60 miles from London. He presented on the beloved parents to let him have the watch. He even offered to return the full purchase price, and when they refused to take it he left it on the table.

Certainly it was stormy weather that day Watson took the watch home, and it may have been only coincidence, but when he took a hammer and crushed it to smithereens the thunder stopped. Lightning struck his house, blinding him for two hours and knocking him senseless with unconsciousness.

After that, though, he moved to another part of London and, according to his story in a journal of the *Voyages of last century*, he never looked back.



THE BULL WAS OLD; A YOUNG BULL WAS NEEDED. BUT OLD BARNEY DID NOT LIKE INTRUDERS. THEY CRASHED HEAD ON.

JOE MCGARIN waited a long time for a break. He got it in the last drought by buying and shepherding thousands of sheep from the powdered, red paddocks out west. There was enough spruce grass on Joe's thousand acres of mountain and gully, and thecheekets, to keep them alive. It meant turning Joe's herd of scrub cattle into the Mountain Range.

Barney objected with a bull-yell; he earned it further with three charges, trying to toss both Joe and his horse over the dead timber of the home-paddock, but Joe's horse had to be good to round-up scrubbers in the Alps; no mimbres saved Joe's life, and the stock-whip did the rest.

"Get to hell out of here!"

Hogan emphasized that by taking at Barney's team rump with the articulate full of her whip, the bull got out of the run, running threats of retribution. Joe lived miles beyond the open track and hollered up his herd by barking paddles down the creek, while Barney retreated to the natural increase.

The bull had a circuit of blarneys with the rest indiscriminately. He was heavy and light on the rump but had very heavy shoulders and a short, thick neck. His bones were medium, sharp-pointed, with a visible back to them. He seemed to be whistling threats when Joe turned the herd about fifteen miles into the Blackstones.

"This is my chance," Joe told himself when he looked at his bank balance when the drought broke. "I'll buy a good, young bull, a few good cows, and gradually sell the scrubbers."

He had to leave the herd in the Blackstones until some green came in the spring. He left them there with four butchers for mates, then he went to round-up in the Blackstones. Barney had the herd well measured, but he was shepherding an old, raw-boned cow of Preston stock, and Joe wondered if he had not left it a bit late for such a cow's calves to drop polled.

From a definite snort, Barney had become a possible liability and a definite problem. The problem could have been eliminated, if Joe had bought a rifle with him and had not been so accustomed to kill a herd.

Joe tried to think himself over that "Aw, I was glad enough to have him before. He's earned an easy life. I'll leave the old cow with him; hell be happy out here, and she never was any good anyway."

Barney made no protest at the herd being edged away from him, but he kept abreast to the old cow within a week and went looking for his bones; he found it in the home-paddock with the new bull boasting it, although he did not see the young bloodshed when he first sighted the spot. He was on a low spur, a mile from the north-east corner; he sent a hollow callring down the gully to spread out over the dirt. It seemed to say "I'm coming home."

A dozen oxes and young steers watched Barney's approach with blank stares. He sniffed tentatively, then lumbered to the corner post, where he inspected the fence with hostile eyes. Joe had reinforced it with new barbed wire and Barney knew better than to tangle with fast

hands of fangs, he waddled along it for one hundred yards, then stopped to lift his massive head and test the air speculatively.

Barney believed, it was a demand, but it was frayed with doubt of his judgment. A young heifer scolded nervous bessies, and shook her head defiantly, but she responded with a thin quavering bleat. Barney roared blantly; the heifer singled out on bent legs, only to step a few feet from the other cows. The bell tanned his head, his mouth lip curled; his nostrils pinched tightly, making the sides of air like whistlers and the heifer came forward uncertainly to the fence.

Dodging the horns lifting at his chest, the bell nuzzled the thin neck, but the heifer moved away, following the fence. Barney waddled after her, ramming in his throat until she stopped at the gate. The bell looked a long while a bar, putting on pressure, but Joe had chained it securely. He backed off, snorting protest, but the heifer walked away, and he followed her until it rolled across the paddock; it butted the ears of the young Hereford in a scrub-clad gulch.

A high bellows, tentatively challenging, was a prelude to the appearance of the young bull. Barney's head jerked up; his eyes shone; his wide nostrils reflected from the first elusive tang of the scent of battle. The Bull came out straight, springy gallop, his tail crooked like a snake stiffened suddenly in its equanimity. It pursued to a short stop, head up and jerking in status inspection of the paddock and the herd. It believed in this provocation; Barney answered in thunderous challenge.

From distant parts of the paddock, cattle bellowed inquiry, then came at a lumbering run, converg-

and on the gate. The buller pawed nervously at the earth, uncertain whether to move or stand, but the young bull jumped forward in a jerking gallop; it charged fast to a stop, uncertainty in its large, Barney roared throat, throwing dust with his fore-hooves, and the Hartsfield's feet sank in a slow trot, and then to a cautious walk. Silence reigned nervously at the young throat.

The Poll stepped five yards from the buller, waiting silent. The other cattle stepped one by one, forming a wide semicircle; they stood still and tense, heads up, and with the red fire on each other's jaws; their were gladiators, prime for the victim, but indifferent as to which might win. Barney's fury at the other bull and the barrier between them found vent in snarled thunder; his clever hooves scattered earth, hurling a continuous tail of dust and rubble back into air.

The buller blared frantically; it looked away from the fury beyond the gate, looking up with its light

rump rubbing the young bull's ribs. The Poll's lip curled; his nostrils pinched in; he rounded the buller's flanks. Fury erupted in Barney, but a grain of discretion remained, asserting itself while he backed off those paces, snarling snarly.

The buller moved two steps, but the Poll pursued after him, as if ignoring the enemy outside the fence, although flattening his dimensions within the paddock. And Barney's pack! Barney leaped to a hurturing run, but he propped short, his nose bent against the gate, only to lift his massive fore-quarters, raising them high, then throwing himself forward.

As the big bull crushed the bulk of his weight on the top bar of the gate, he hunched his back, bunched his hind legs up and pitching himself forward. The top bar splintered and collapsed under the weight his belly rasped on the thicker second one, and the bar broke under the strain. Barney thudded to earth, stricken. The broken gate lay broken.

thrust, and pig-roasted, backing himself over, then he lumbered forward onto the paddock.

Barney stopped, believing threat of death. His huge head wavered low towards earth, his nostrils telching the hot air of his fury; his rear quivered dismally; his hooves ground vacantly at the earth.

The young bull blared acceptance of the challenge. His hornless head lowered, as if winding up the springs of courage and fury; tufts of grass scraped high into air, ripped from the sod by frenzy of his powerful fore-hooves. As if a glove were dropped for the start of a joust, both bulls lunched to the run at the same instant. Heads low, massive shoulders rolling, they charged, red poll aimed dead center between the vicious, hooked horns of the old scabbard.

Lighly built, scarcely half the weight he might have grown to be, the bald-faced youngster had speed that the ponderous old nondescript could not match. It was some small offset to a huge concentration in weight, but the Poll was fighting with only instinct to match the long experience of a tough, bush bull.

They met hand on with a sickening, spine-jarring crash. The pace of the lightweight gave impetus that flung the old man to a short stop, but the youngster's short body seemed to contract lengthwise; his rump lifted in air, and he bounced back a full three feet from the horned head. Quivering and shaking he recovered far having slightly skewed from the old bull.

The Hartford followed, and the wife, old Mrs. Hartson, a quiver of terror in the young voice. Barney snorted; he roared; he hunched to the rush. The Poll hesitated a fraction of a second too long before turning to meet the attack; the burned head crashed on his near

fore-leg as it took the strain of his weight. The poll bellowed anguish, as the full force of the charging scabbard struck him.

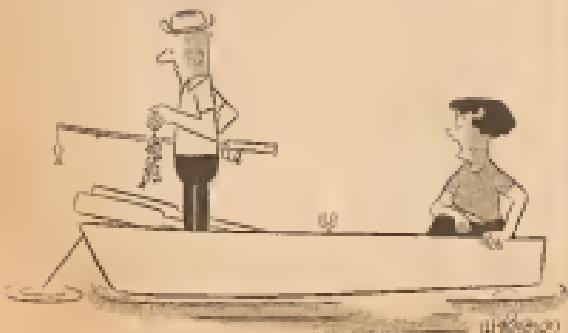
Barney's horns gored at the young beast. The Hartford's hind legs crumpled, and the old bull buried in a mighty lunge it sent the Poll sprawling in a somersault, and it thumped barely as he took. Barney jumped forward, head low, baring in under the bare shoulder, sail from the forward kick of three of the white-socked legs.

The Hartford rolled, gathering his band legs under it. It made a desperate effort to rise; it had lit. ed its rump a foot when the old bull's horns gored at his belly. In the gap, Barney butted violently, butting for leverage. He tramped; he strained; his muscles writhed and tightened; with every ounce of nerve, sinew, and tendons behind it, he leaped in a devastating lunge. The Poll pitched into air; it crashed on its head; its following roar of agony died with the breaking of its neck.

Joe had taken six steps into the stable. It had been a good salve; it was nearly midnight when Joe cracked bones. He did not see the dead Hartford until morning, then he brought out his rifle. Barney was shepherding a young bullter; he was near-side on in Hagen.

"I can't wish if I get him just back of the near-shoulder. I'll plug the old devil right through the heart."

Joe snuffed his forefinger vengeancefully around the trigger, but his eyes swept around the paddock before he squeezed. His chance had gone with the death of the Hartford, and he would not get another until the next big drought. His dinner still from the table; he hoped that Barney would last the distance.



"Well, as much for the here & now."

Crime Capsules

FAIR DIRECTOR

While policemen held back crowds watching a picture being shown in Room 1, a well-dressed man climbed to a clearing car, entered and drove away. A woman rushed up and screamed: "That! Stop that man, he stole my car!" The crowd enjoyed the scene very much, but the film director walked over to the police and said: "You'd better do something—that woman has really lost her car."

MAN OF HIS WORD

In Chicago a well-dressed man entered a jewellery store, picked out a necklace and ear-rings and told the man behind the counter that he would return for them. He did—later in the day, by once more entering the shop and collecting the jewellery. But this time he had a revolver in his hand.

WHAT A BORE

A thief in Quincy, Illinois, used a brace and bit and a keyhole saw to cut out a panel from the door of a grocery shop. He then robbed the store. Later police made an arrest, but the suspect pleaded an alibi. The cop turned over his trooper cap and cut full shortests

and small chips of wood, which came from the grocery store door.

PRESIDENTIAL PRECEDENTS

In Kansas City, Missouri, on February 12 last year, the anniversary of Abraham Lincoln's birth, a man named George Washington was arrested on Truman Road on a charge of carrying concealed weapons. He was taken into court on St. Valentine's Day and was fined 50 dollars.

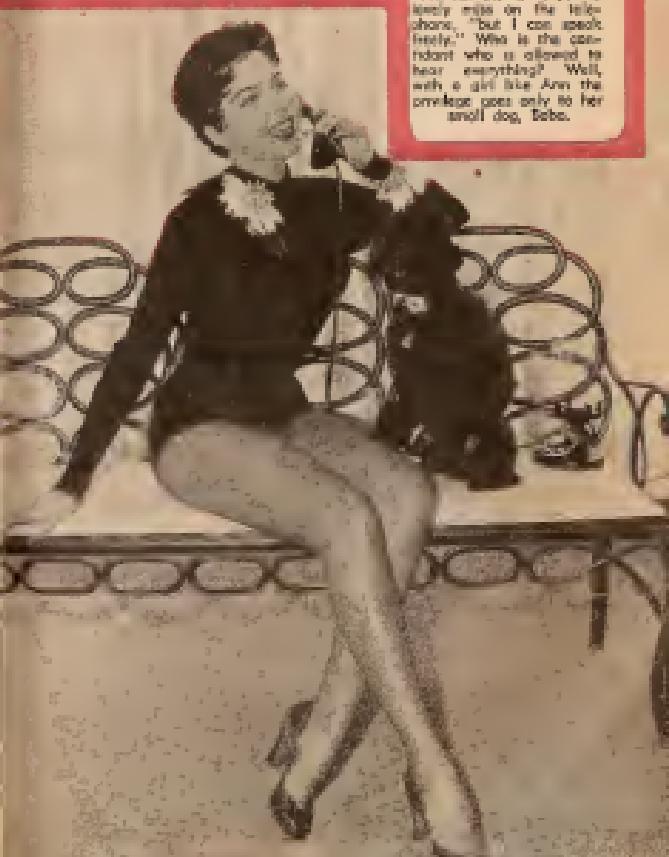
SHOT FIRST

When Lou Simmons, former Con-federate officer, ran from Waco, Texas, in 1871, he left a man dying on the floor of the Gold Rice saloon. On the run, he settled in Tennessee, where he got a job as a telegrapher, married and spent ten happy years. One night a federal posse started in over the wires. "Understand fugitive Lou Simmons killed all them . . ." It began. Simmons did not hear the rest of the message; he drew out his gun and shot himself dead. And as he died, the message went to its conclusion: "... tell him the man he shot did not die and charges against him have been withdrawn." So it pays to ask questions before you shoot.

Dancing Lady



"I'm not alone," says the heavy rasp on the telephone, "but I can speak freely." Who is the confidant who is allowed to hear everything? Well, with a girl like Ann the privilege goes only to her small dog, Bobo.





You know Ann, of course—Ann Miller, MGM's dancing girl, the girl who presented a third of beauty in a joy forever. They say no girl on the screen has a better figure! If the size of her tumultuous curves means anything, she's without peer.

Ann is the star of "On The Town" for M.G.M. We might suggest she could star in another film called "On Her Own". With Bobo in the supporting cast, may I? You remember "Bobo"? Then turn to page 1 and start again.



"It's been a perfect evening. Why don't you be like other men and spoil it by offering me a milk摇?"

Cancer, the second killer in America, can be caused by physical and emotional factors, according to an eminent doctor.



YOU may be the

CANCER TYPE

GOTTFRID BRUGGE

YOU might not know it, but your personality may be giving you cancer—working slowly and indolently to a horrible climax at an age between 50 and 70.

Medical research has recently uncovered sensational facts connecting the world's most dreaded killer with personality problems. It has also learned that one out of every three persons would come down with this disease if some other form of death didn't occur first.

The doctors battling cancer are now tracking down a "hot spot." They've become interested in psychosomatic medicine, which has already shed light on how the emotions cause such ailments as asthma and ulcers. Furthermore, there is a lot of evidence that psychological disturbances are also closely connected with heart trouble, high blood pressure, and even tuberculosis.

And the sole cause to which all these afflictions are traced is personality.

What about cancer?

Dr. Wilhelm Reich of New York was one of the first to advance the theory that cancer reigns, after all, because of psychological factors. He had noticed that all of his patients, wheezing away with their

cases bore a striking resemblance to one another—they were fundamentally maladjusted.

Among some patients, Dr. Reich observed obvious regression. They were quiet and withdrawn, and their energies were being directed against themselves rather than being expressed outwardly. The same old doctor also noticed that cancer occurred in patients who seemed personable and active. This, however, was just a front. Many of these patients were locked in loveless marriages. Many displayed anger, unable to release all of it. For every one of them, his consisted of a shabby name of acts that brought about no sensations of pleasure.

To put it one way, the cancer patient is emotionally suffering to death. Or, in other words, he's suffering from total frustration.

Unless a man has outlets for his pent-up feelings, he will hasten the onset of cancer, and this is one reason why the disease doesn't plague many young people. A young man's body fumes don't begin to deteriorate until he reaches full maturity. He can endure the torments of maladjustment by drinking and dissipating and thus letting off steam. When he gets older, his body can't take it any more, and he doesn't possess the tremendous store of energy required to live a absolute life. At this point, malignancy usually sets in.

A Chicago woman went to a psychiatrist to be cured of alcoholism. It was during the '30s, when the medical world hadn't the slightest idea that alcohol could cause cancer. The doctor thought that because he had succeeded in stopping this woman from drinking, he had cured her. He didn't realize that all he had done was to repress her need to consume alcohol without eliminating that need. About six

months after the therapy had been completed, the woman developed a fatal case of stomach cancer.

Since that time, there has been a lot of evidence to show that reformed alcoholics have a high incidence of malignancy—usually occurring in those who possess no inhibitory outlet to take the place of their drinking. Behind the curse of alcohol craving lies a maladjusted personality.

Spirituals and bachelors are more likely to come down with cancer than married people, although marriage is no insurance against the disease. For gay blades and career girls, who laugh at matrimony, there comes a tragic time when they discover an emptiness in their lives—the period when age has made them no longer attractive. A small number with money are able to hold back the curtain of loneliness for a few more years, but when it does, these people find that they no longer hold any source or outlet for love.

Nevertheless, a loveless marriage can be just as suffocating. In Los Angeles, a man who had been wedded for 25 years recently went to a doctor who discovered he had cancer of the prostate gland. In the course of investigation, the doctor learned that this man and his wife had been going their separate ways for 12 years.

One surprising fact is that insane people rarely get cancer. The most persistent reason advanced for this is the fact that an insane man has removed himself from reality and has created his own world. He is not tormented by repressed desires any longer, and he has enabled himself to let off steam in his own eccentric way.

Doctors, more and more, are coming to the conclusion that the satisfied and happy man will live with-

out suffering from cancer. By this token, the celibate is not necessarily the cancer-type. There are some withdrawn people who can sustain contentedly. They are content to wrap themselves up in their work which is their main love.

Recently, a 35-year-old man went to a doctor in Pittsburgh, suffering from cancer of the bone. The first step was surgery. The malignant part of the bone was removed, and then the youth was given radium treatment. This continued for six months, and the cancer showed up again near where it had started before. There was more surgery and more treatment.

Then the doctor began asking questions about the patient's personal life. He discovered that the young man had lost his job. He was unemployed, with no ability to form those associations with anybody.

Wistfully, the doctor placed the young man in the care of a psychiatrist, while continuing the previous treatment. The results were astounding. During the following two years, there was no more recurrence of the malignancy. The young man is now successfully employed and happily married. He is considered cured.

In New York, a widow was suffering from cancer of the breast. Radium was tried, but to no avail. The breast had to be removed. About three months later, a tumor developed in her side, not far from where her breast had been operated on. More surgery was required. There was no telling where the malignancy would be checked.

Again, here was a case where an alert physician began making inquiries about his patient's personal life. It was learned that the woman, since her husband's death, was completely alone in the world. Because she was left well-provided,

HAGGING OH A RACCOONQUE

They were two champion hags;
They met whilst hunting a roe,
One said: "We met on other shores;
I clearly remember your face;
The other's face paled as he strove to remember—
His expression looked sullen and illiter—
"Well, I lost June, July,
August, September!
I don't recall your name—
but your nose is twifly." —AH-EM

there was no need for her to work, but she had no friends or hobbies.

The woman was sent to a psychiatrist who worked with her for three years. As a result, she now has friends and has become active in civic affairs. Furthermore, there is no longer any trace of cancer.

These two cases are examples of the growing interest physicians are taking in their patients' emotional lives. The awareness of physician's influence in medicine is extending to the war against cancer. There is little doubt that your personality strongly influences the chances of your harboring this affliction. Yet, what this connection is, and how knowledge of it can be used to prevent cancer, is not fully understood.

Some researchers are convinced that it won't be long before they'll be able to define the different patterns of behavior that characterize the cancer-type. As of now, they have come up with some amazing conclusions about what kinds of

people are most likely to suffer from the disease in later life.

Men are notoriously susceptible. Living alone brings not only an immature personality but also fear and suspicion of other people. Everybody needs some sort of contact with friends, and the ability to enjoy even the most trivial social activities is a protection against emotional suffocation.

Another cancer-type is the "sophisticated" playboy. Because of his money and lack of ambition, he finds himself susceptible to the pleasures of every-day living. Not very long ago, a famous bachelor died in his early fifties of an incurable malignancy. He was constantly reading headlines with movie stars, socialites, and showgirls. Yet, nobody ever knew how frustrated he really was. He often joked to his friends about not being able to fall in love, regardless

of the charm or beauty of his current girl friend. Secretly, however, the failing disturbed him deeply.

You don't have to be perfect to avoid cancer. The basking male is happily married and enjoys his friends and his work. His life is active and sometimes vigorous. He hunts, fish, plays golf, or maybe enjoys indoor hobbies. All of these factors constitute a well-rounded existence.

But doctors are aware that the basking being is capable of compensating for his weaknesses. A man who is unhappy married, may throw himself into his work, and a person who dislikes his job may enjoy the company of his wife and friends and his hobbies.

It is when an individual is unable to compensate for his shortcomings—when his life ceases to be well-rounded—that emotional suffocation sets in, and with it, cancer.



When Howard Carter Dickinson went to a drinking party, he passed the permanent.

JAMES HOLLEDGE

HE WENT TO A DRINKING PARTY

He was a well-dressed, distinguished-looking man; no longer young, but with the sleekness, the self-confidence, the poise that comes with money, position, breeding.

His name was Howard Carter Dickinson. His profession was law, and he was partner in an expanding New York practice. He was the nephew of Charles Evans Hughes, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States—a kindly relative for any lawyer.

Dickinson was in Detroit on business. He was registered at the city's best hotel, the enormous Book-Cadillac. After dinner one evening, he strolled into the famous Vanities Room of the hotel for a drink. He was tired after his day's work. By himself in a strange city, he was

lonely for conversation, companionship, recognition.

Howard Carter Dickinson did not know it, but he was ripe for picking in the "party girl racket."

Dickinson sat at a table with his drink. Nearby was a party of three—two girls and a hand-faced,橄榄-shaped man in his late 20's. The girls were not beautiful, but they were bright and vivacious. With their smart clothes and airings of sophistication they attracted Howard Carter Dickinson. He watched them with interest. The calculating eyes of their male companion lighted on him. He bent forward to speak to his companion.

The girls turned and looked at Dickinson. They offered him a

vacant chair. Introductions were made and drinks ordered. Talk and laughter bubbled round the table. Howard Carter Dickinson left paid.

The "pickup" took place on the evening of Tuesday, June 20, 1955. At 8:30 a.m. on the morning of Thursday, June 22, the body of Howard Carter Dickinson was found in Detroit's River Rouge Park. He had been shot to death.

A park attendant came upon the body on his way to work. No attempt had been made to conceal it. It was lying face down in full view beside one of the stone drives. Two bullet holes had been fired into it at close range. One had penetrated the skull; the other was lodged in the chest. Either could have caused death, which medical examiners declared had occurred only a few hours before.

A violent reform had swept the area about midday. The clothing on the body was dry. It must have been dropped on the drive sometime after six o'clock in the morning.

The investigation was in the hands of Inspector John Nevers, head of the Detroit Narcotics Squad. He studied the body, noting the thoroughly-examined hair and mustache, the soft, well-kempt hands.

It seemed strange that the body was clad in shirt and trousers, with no coat. They were both of good quality. On the feet were a pair of new shoes, bearing the brand of an expensive New York maker.

The pockets of the dead man were empty. Money, wallet, identifying papers had been removed. Apparently overpowered by the killer was an expensive wristwatch. It registered exactly one hour earlier than Detroit time, giving another indication that the victim was a visitor from New York, where a daylight-saving scheme was in operation. He had apparently not been in Detroit

long enough to adjust his watch.

With the number shown on the dead man's handwritten shoes, identification was not difficult. The firm named thereon disclosed they had been sold to Dickinson.

New York police were requested to assist. They reported Dickinson was an influential lawyer. Not only was he the nephew of but his partner was the son of the Chief Justice. He was 32 years old, lived with his wife in a high-class New York suburb and was on a visit to Detroit in connection with a \$1-million-dollar deceased estate he was handling.

With such a "top drawer" victim, the Detroit police went straight to the Book-Cadillac Hotel. As expected, Dickinson had been registered there. His room was examined. It contained nothing but the baggage and business papers.

Hotel employees said they had last seen the lawyer at about 8:30 the previous evening. Wednesday, his meeting with the "party girls" and their underworld partner—at which the police as yet know nothing—had been 24 hours before that, on the Tuesday night.

Dickinson, the police learned, had dined at the Book-Cadillac at 8:30 on the Wednesday evening, after taking a solitary cocktail at the Venetian Room.

He had a room on the 22nd floor and returned there after his meal. The night maid, coming in to tidy the room, found him resting on his bed. She saw him leave the room dressed to go out, at 8:30.

Meanwhile, Dickinson's civilian suit coat and hat had been discovered on the roadway a couple of miles from the spot where the body was left. Except for the key to his hotel room, the coat pockets were empty. A bullet hole indicated he

had been wearing the coat when shot.

Inspector Nevers called detective units to check on the telephone calls Edward Carter Dickinson had made from his room at the Book-Cadillac. They soon eliminated those relating to business. Three or four others, however, seemed a possible lead. With these, Dickinson had asked the switchboard operator to give him a "Mr. Ferris" at the nearby Hotel Delcolet.

Inquiries at the Delcolet showed that "Mr. Ferris" had been booked in there as "Lee Ferris". Police knew Lee Ferris to be one of the aliases of a well-known Detroit criminal identity named William Schweizer. He was not the type expected to be associated with Howard Carter Dickinson, socialist attorney-at-law. A petty racketeer with a long record of vicious crime, he had been suspected of almost every crime up to and including murder.

In 1939, under the name of Harry W. Smith, he was accused of carrying concealed weapons. He was convicted, but released on appeal. Two years later he again faced a jury—for the murder of one Albert Bourke. In court, Schweizer claimed that he had merely shot and killed Bourke when the latter tried to hold him up and rob him. He was believed and again acquitted.

Schweizer escaped Detroit was too hot for him and fled to Florida. There, too, he soon fell foul of the law. The Detroit authorities had received word that he was wanted as a fugitive robber by the police of Miami Beach.

This was the man Howard Carter Dickinson had telephoned on a number of occasions from his room at the Book-Cadillac. The police were puzzled. They could not understand the connection.

Inspects at the Hotel Delcolet showed that Schweizer, as Lee Ferris, had been registered there for three weeks. He had departed in a hurry on the morning of the murder. Tuesday Porters were able to tell police that he left in his own car, a 1950 Hispano.

A blanket alarm was issued through half a dozen states for the missing criminal. To hundreds of police officers was passed his description: "Height, five feet seven inches; age 36; weight 165 pounds; light complexion, light brown hair, blue eyes; two upper teeth badly decayed." Full particulars of Schweizer's car were also issued.

In Detroit, patient sleuths stood by at the hotel to intercept telephone calls for "Lee Ferris". Late on the Thursday night, the switchboard operator wired to one of the waiting detectives that she had just a call on the line. The call was traced to a box in an adjacent theatre. Police rushed there and pounced on a surprised taxicab driver.

Take to headquarters for questioning.

Two dishes and after tea arrived.



During the driver explained that he was calling Mr. Farris about a three-dollar charge he had given him for a tire. It had been charged at the book. He had received it on Tuesday night. Farris had told him he might have done profitable business for him on the Wednesday night. He explained that "a big New York lawyer" he knew was accompanying him and a couple of girls to a party and they might need a cab.

The driver called at the Dernoster on the Wednesday evening. Farris came down and told him the girls and the "big shot" were having a party of their own upstairs and would not need the cab. He suggested the driver ring him at the hotel the next night. This the man had done, not only about the prospective job, but to check about the disbursements checks.

Inquiries through the underworld of Detroit showed that Schweihsen

had been associated since his return from Florida with a pair of "good-time girls." They were sisters, Florence and Loretta Jackson, 16 and 21 years old, respectively. Unconscious of danger, the girls had turned to party crime. With Schweihsen, they had been working the "party girl racket".

Neighbors at the girls' apartment said they had left with Bergman for a trip early on the Thursday morning. They had driven away with a man who had waited for them in a 1928 Hispano.

A widespread search was set for Schweihsen and the women, but when they were rounded up on the following Saturday it was only through a tip by one of the other girls and a telephone to a friend in Detroit. Police were searching the fraud. They intercepted the wire. It was traced to the town of Fort Wayne, Indiana. Detectives there immediately got on the trail



"Well! Now, if you'll just step into those we'll take a run out to your new place."

of the sender at the Western Union office.

Winters at the motel remembered these women previous calling for a Western Union messenger. They had departed soon after in a taxi. The records of the cab company were examined and the driver traced. He named the hotel to which he had taken the trio.

From descriptions, the hotel manager said they must be three women calling themselves "The Meyer Sisters," a dance act.

Detectives raced to the room occupied by the "Meyer Sisters." They proved to be the wanted Florence and Loretta Jackson and a third woman—Eleven-year-old Jean Miller of Detroit—who had not previously been connected with the crime.

While the police were questioning the women in their room, the door opened. A slave, darker young man strode in. He turned to run but a detective barred the way.

"You're Bill Schweihsen," he said, "Take Lee Terrie. They want you back in Detroit for murder."

The man tried to bluster. "You're crazy," he cried. "I don't know what you're talking about. My name is Ari Reynolds. I just got in by bus from Kansas City. You can't pin any charges up on me."

Schweihsen was confronted with his fingerprints and photograph rushed from Detroit. Eventually he admitted his identity. Both he and the women, however, denied all knowledge of the murder of Howard Carter Dickerman.

The police were sure they were the culprits but were still puzzled by some minor details. One was the whereabouts of Schweihsen's Hispano garage car, which he did not have with him in Fort Wayne. The murder weapon had also not been located. Another mystery was the fate of several thousand dollars,

which Dickerman's relatives said he was carrying Schweihsen, which stated, had only 22 dollars in his possession. The three girls were present.

Schweihsen and the three women were taken into custody and returned to Detroit. There for hours under interrogation they asserted their innocence. Gradually, however, the relentless barrage of police questions began to tell. They started to make admissions and contradictions. They now admitted they had met Howard Carter Dickerman at the Rock-Cadillac. They avowed they had attended a party with him on the Wednesday night. After that they had all driven to the River Rouge Park.

The three girls claimed they left the car for a few minutes in the park and heard two shots. They insisted they had not been parties to any plot to shoot and rob the lawyer. Schweihsen, when he heard what the others had admitted, told a series of hectoring stories.

First he said that when the women left the car in the park, Dickerman pulled out a gun and tried to shoot himself. He had struggled to save the lawyer. The man in the confusion went off alone.

When this explanation made no impression on the police, Schweihsen came up with another. He claimed that an argument had developed between himself and Dickerman over four dollars lost in a card game. They fought. Dickerman pulled a gun Schweihsen shot him in self-defense.

Schweihsen's last desperate concoction was that Dickerman drew a gun and suddenly shot himself in the head without any warning. He had dragged the lawyer's body from the car.

In the process, the gun was discharged again accidentally—infringe-



of the second wound in Dickenson's chest.

All through Sunday, the interrogation of the four prisoners continued at Detroit Police headquarters. Schweitzer continually repeated his stories. Similarly, the three women stuck to the story that they were absent from the car when the shooting occurred and knew nothing.

The police continued with the questioning, telling the prisoners their statements were ridiculous and unacceptable. On Monday, July 1, one of the women—Jean Miller—could stand it no longer. She burst into hysterical tears and indicated she was willing to tell the truth.

She made a full statement. With the other two girls, she worked with Schweitzer, robbing men they met in the city's hotels and bars. On this occasion, however, Jean Miller had not been present at the first meeting with Howard Carter Dickenson on the Tuesday night.

The others told her of their new victim on the Wednesday. She accompanied them that evening when they kept an appointment with the lawyer in Schweitzer's hotel room. They had his robbery and killing planned when they went to that party.

After Jean Miller's confession, the "cracking" of the others was only a matter of time. All made statements, from which the true events of the whole murder were reconstructed.

When Dickenson first joined the Jackson sisters and Schweitzer on the Tuesday night, they sat drinking for some time. Satisfied the girls had the victim "hooked," Schweitzer then excused himself and returned to his hotel.

Dickenson invited the pair to his room. There more liquor was consumed as they followed Schweitzer's

instructions to "play him along." They had planned to "take him for his roll" the following night.

Eventually, Florence and Loretta Jackson left Dickenson after arranging an appointment for the Wednesday night. They visited Schweitzer at his hotel and worked out details of the robbery. The lawyer had been "talking big" and they assumed he was carrying a large sum of money.

All four prisoners now accused of murder were waiting in Schweitzer's room the next day when Dickenson arrived soon after 8:30 pm. A wild drinking party followed. About midnight, they arrested the lawyer into prison for a drive in Schweitzer's car "for a breath of air."

In the River Rouge Park, the women alighted Schweitzer and the kidnapped Dickenson died. They settled off his coat so they wouldn't notice the bullet hole. It was tossed out with his hat, after they drove off—in the hope of confusing the police.

The dead man was left on the roadside. They opened his wallet after they departed and found only 12 dollars.

"That's a hell of a small amount to kill a man for," said Schweitzer in disgust. "Thank heaven he won't talk any more."

They fled to Chicago, where Schweitzer threw over the gun. It was never recovered. He left his car there in a garage, and they continued their flight to Fort Wayne by bus. There, one of them brought a quick end to their getaway by deserting the teleman back to Detroit from which they were traced.

On August 14, 1932, all four of the accused were found guilty of the first degree murder of Howard Carter Dickenson. They were all sent to prison "for the rest of their natural lives." The state of Michigan does not have a death penalty.

pointers to better health

CONTACT LENSES

A test of soldiers under various field conditions shows that contact lenses are more desirable when the activity in which the men are engaged is strenuous, according to Drs. James L. McGuire, of Syracuse, New York, and Jay M. Knott, of Ft. Knox, Kentucky. They find that the advantages of contact lenses are: (1) The wearer is unaffected by rain, snow or mud; (2) The lenses do not frost or steam; (3) The lenses can be worn while swimming; (4) Visual sharpness in certain eye conditions, such as strabismus astigmatism, is greater with the regular spectacles. On the debit side, is the cost. Also there is a limit to the time contact lenses can be worn because of discomfort to the wearer. Thirdly, contact lenses are easier lost or broken.

SUNGASSES

People who wear sunglasses constantly, especially indoors, run the risk of reduced tolerance to bright light, according to Dr. Victor A. Dierman of the Army Medical Corps, Randolph Field, Texas. He also said that car windshields with the greenish-blue tint eliminated about one-

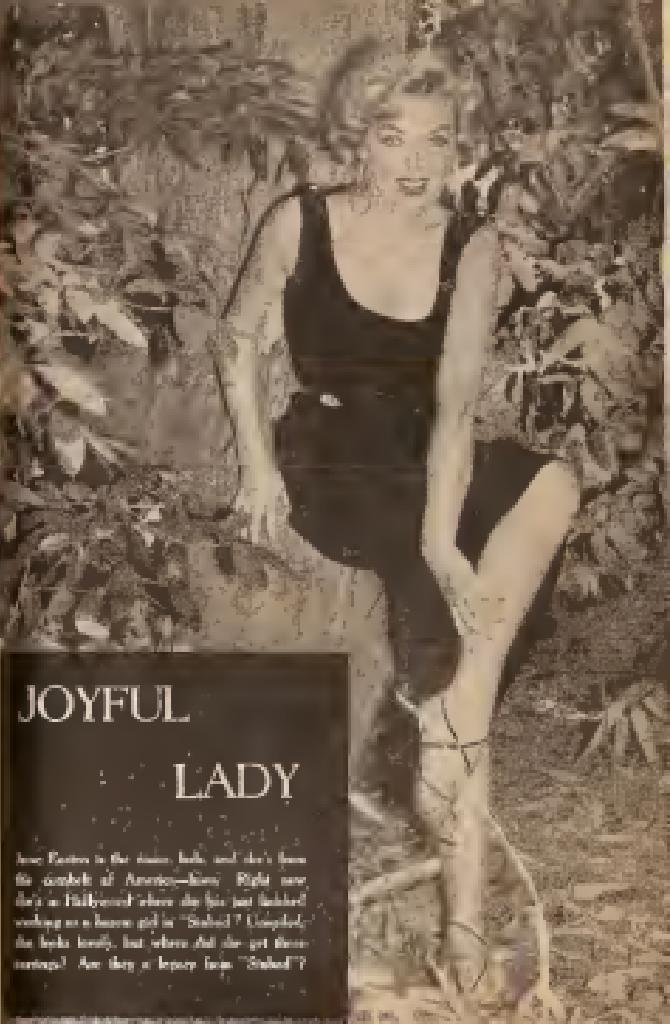
fifth of the visible light—too much to make them completely safe for night driving.

HORMONE SYNTHESIZED

Artificial manufacture of a hormone of the pituitary gland has been achieved for the first time by Dr. Vincent du Vigneaud, professor of biochemistry, Cornell University Medical College. The hormone, he says, plays an important role in milk release in mothers following birth of a baby. Its synthesis may provide an unlimited source of the hormone for the possible separation of use in classical medicine, particularly in obstetrics.

BLEEDERS

Evidence that females, as well as males, can have hemoptysis—failure of the blood to clot normally—is reported by Dr. J. M. Hill, of Dallas, U.S.A. Hemoptysis has traditionally been considered a hereditary disease occurring only in males, but transmitted by females. Hemoptysis, of course, is a dangerous thing because, due to the failure of the blood to clot, it is difficult to stop bleeding once it starts. People who suffer from it should be careful against accidents.



JOYFUL LADY

Joyce Estes is the "bliss lady" and she's from the womb of America—hence, right now, she's in Hollywood where she has just finished working as a blouse girl in "Shahid." Unusually, she looks lovely, but where did she get those markings? Are they a legacy from "Shahid?"



JOYFUL

John's already riding his horse. Patches showed her in a dress. She's covered the skirt and there she is in a matching corset. Her hair has changed dimension. Let your hands. Maybe we can make her favorite the eye on her wrist.

We wanted to sit in light robes for the ultimate beauty needed to match the Hollywood perchance that she was, and we chose gold in the sweater. Beverly the starlet wears a hat in the Donald O'Connor and Eddie Costello television show. See you all for three more days.

LADY

MODERN ULYSEES IN ASIA



RAY DAVIS

Rushing the gauntlet across Russia can be hazardous but never dull— as Ferdinand Ossendowski discovered.

FERDINAND OSSENDOWSKI was a Russian of the White variety, which explained why he was in such a hurry to get out of Siberia that day in 1920. He was working as a scientist in Kazakhstan on the Yenisei River when he received word one winter's day that tenay Red soldiers had surrounded his house with the intention of arresting him.

Instead of returning home, Ossendowski collected some friends and took with him enough money, a rifle, three hundred cartridges, an ax, a knife, a sheepskin overcoat, tea, salt, dry bread, and kettle. Then he hired a peasant to drive him out of town into thickly-wooded snow country, where he made himself fairly comfortable in an sham-

doned hut. Thus began a trip that was to take him winding back and forth over Asia like some latter-day Ulysses, and give him more than a maddening acquaintance with death.

He wasn't able to live in peace in his hut for very long. Five days after he reached the hut, he went out shooting bearback. Returning to his home, he noticed that smoke was缺 from the chimney.

Two Red soldiers were found, but they appeared to be unshapely, since they had left their rifles with their horses. Nevertheless they questioned him closely, but he managed to fib them off by telling them that he was a mile away. They shared some tea with Ossendowski, then wedged him into a sled.

The usual effect of making them talk loudly and boastfully, then drowning.

They were nearly asleep when the door was flung open and a tall peasant stood framed in the opening, rifle at the ready, a sharp ax at his belt.

By this time, the soldiers were thoroughly dozy, and they asked few questions.

Ossendowski spent most of the night worrying about the situation, but dozed off just before daylight. When he awoke he found that the two soldiers were still sleeping, but the peasant was outside saddling his horse. Soon the two soldiers awoke, and the three of them went off together.

That night the peasant came back carrying three rifles instead of one, plus a lot of other gear.

"Today I had a very successful hunt," he jested.

After that episode it was quite clear to Ossendowski that he would have to get moving. He did so, in company with the peasant, who called himself Ivan. Ossendowski rode the horse which had belonged to one of the dead soldiers, with Ivan on his own horse, and the gear on the horse which had belonged to the second Red soldier.

They rode on and on across Siberia, moving in a northerly direction towards Outer Mongolia. At one stage the two of them stayed the night in an abandoned hut where Ivan seemed uncomfortable and nervous. He finally told Ossendowski that this had been the residence of a man he had suspected of stealing gold from him. He had tried every possible means of getting the truth from the man and his family but without success.

Finally Ivan had to leave Ossendowski. He helped him make a sled but before he left this was on the

banks of a river, and Ossendowski kept a fire constantly burning to keep out the mid-winter cold.

Ivan ran away left Ossendowski severely alone. In fact, he found that his greatest enemy was himself—in the form of depressing thoughts brought on by the loneliness. As a counter-measure he carefully planned his days, and spent most of them hunting.

He'd formed the greater part of his victims, plus occasional deer, and ate bear. At the beginning of the spring, he was able to capture fish as they ascended the river. As the weather grew milder, Ossendowski grew bolder, and went to live at an abandoned gold mine not far from civilization.

Then, as the river thawed, Ossendowski saw a sight which sent him on his way again. In among the ice floes formed at the spring breaking were immovable bodies of men. There would be no safety for a White Russian in any part of Russia.

He tramped up with another crew of similar types. They decided that the best way out of the grip of the Reds was through the northern part of Mongolia out to the Pacific, a journey of many hundreds of miles through rough country among wild tribes.

The discovery of a meadow where the bodies of twenty-eight White Russian officers hung in the trees decided them never to be taken alive by the Reds. They were well armed, and as a last resort carried crystals of potassium.

They found it was a comparatively easy matter to get out of Siberia into Mongolia. Several times they were held up by Communists, but managed to dupe them with a display of knowledge, and pieces of凭据 for the new regime.

But they soon discovered that there was no safety in Mongolia, more members of Reds had crossed the border in search of refuge. They were first attacked in mountainous country by a force of about thirty Reds. Macross were going badly for Ossendowski and his party until three of their number managed to get behind the Reds and dropped several hand grenades.

They came out of the mountains, and began to travel across the plains. A few small streams offered them little hindrance. Finally they reached a river which was frozen hard with clear ice through which they could see to the bottom of the stream. Ossendowski was nearly across when a gigantic crack appeared in the ice, and he and his horse narrowly escaped being precipitated through the ice into the turbulent water below. The cold was so intense that a few minutes in the stream could fatally banish.

Ossendowski and his party became bolder in their opposition to the Reds, even at one time traveling with a party of them whom they had managed to convince of their Soviet sympathies. There was additional incentive for the Reds in this case, since Ossendowski had instructed to the leader that their presence would ensure safe passage for the Red party.

They set off through level but treacherous country. At every few steps the horses would plow up to their hocks in quicksand, often falling and placing their riders. Once Ossendowski's horse went down so far that he had trouble keeping his eyes and mouth out of the mud.

The riding became worse as the party began to cross a great plateau, which in reality was nothing more than a thin layer of turf

over a lake of black and putridizing water.

Suddenly three shots rang out, and the leader of the party fell from his horse. In a matter of seconds three more men had been shot and killed. The remainder of the party grabbed their rifles and looked for the enemy, but within a few seconds four more had been unhooked.

Ossendowski was sitting his horse with drawn Muster when he noticed that the soldier who had brought up the rear of the detachment was about to fire at him. He just managed to beat the man to the shot. Ossendowski and his friends helped the maimed attackers by shooting what remained of the party of Bolsheviks.

The attackers—thirteen of that district—then helped the two Russians on their way.

The going wasn't easy. They had several other brushes with Communist Russians. Ossendowski and his friend seem to have developed economy methods of dealing with their enemies. One evening, for instance, they were approaching a small, lonely camp when two Russian soldiers rushed out, firing as they came. Ossendowski immediately shot one dead, and the other was despatched by the butt of his companion's rifle.

Eventually the two men found themselves on the flat wastes of the Gobi Desert, where icy winds howled incessantly. They started on and made their first contact with Tibet. By this time they had been joined by other refugees. In a sleep pass they were preparing to spend the night when suddenly forty men on white horses descended and fed on them. Two of the party fell, one being killed instantly, the other living only a few minutes.

Ossendowski went forward with a white flag, to be told by the Tibet-

ans that the area was considered holy. So the party of Russians moved on, trudging all night. They were looking water with which to make tea when they were attacked again. They were on flat ground, but managed to find some cover among scattered rocks.

Ossendowski raised his white flag again, but it was greeted with a renewed hail of bullets, and another of the party was shot. Ossendowski received a bullet in the left leg—the result of a ricochet. Several other members of the party were wounded before some of the attackers rode off and those who remained raised a white flag.

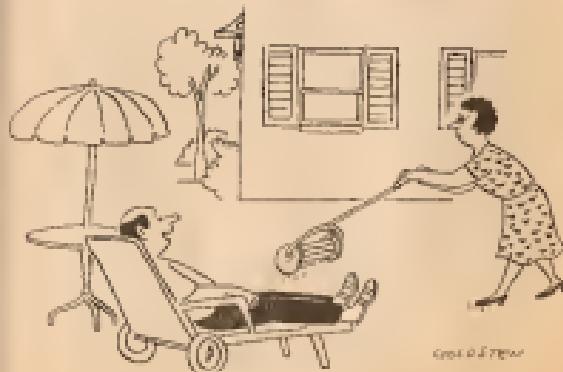
The Russians found that the leader of the bandits had been wounded.

While Ossendowski's companions urged him to give the fellow poison, Ossendowski dressed a halberd wound with leather and bintorn. He

then gave the man a sedative, and left him with his followers with the instruction that he should not be pursued. He managed to persuade the Tibetans that the man would surely be killed by the demons who had caused the bullet to strike him if any further efforts were made on the White Russian party.

For the next few months, Ossendowski and his original companion wandered in Mongolia, Tibet and China, the rest of the party having enlisted in an anti-Bolshevik unit. Ossendowski and his friend were lucky enough to fall in with sympathetic Tibetans, have an interview with the living Buddha, and finally to escape from Asia through Manchuria.

The durable Russian eventually wrote a book about his experiences. Apparently the gods were still with him—the book ran to no less than twenty-five editions.



"If I had to be a hundred I couldn't care like that,
could I, dear?"



"The test model was good for ten minutes
an hour".

FRANCIS MURRAY



An Indian officer tested his skill
and technique against the Maoris

TIKOKOWARU started under defeat. His name Pa, Te Rynku O Te Mana, had fallen to the attack of Colonel Thomas McDonnell's force of Armed Constabulary, on August 21, 1886. To McDonnell, the credit is what men's eyes, but the undying hate and thirst for vengeance in those of the Maori chief focused on the "white devil" who was second in command—Major Gustavus von Tempsky.

Tikokowaru was a great Maori general; he was the hero of the hostile natives of Taranaki Province. He was also one of the chief priests of the disbelieved cult of Hauhau which lured disciples to a herbicide fanaticism, quenched only by the blood of white men, and consummated like-warm abominations by terrorist tactics.

HE LIVED FOR ADVENTURE

When Tikokowaru started under defeat, he set himself to avenge it. Sixteen days later, the Maori chief launched an overwhelming counter-attack, and McDonnell, despairing of successful defense, ordered the withdrawal of the white forces.

"Major von Tempsky will cover the retreat."

That was more than a routine military order to a second in command. It was a tribute to a commander in arms and an expression of supreme faith in one who had been McDonnell's mentor in the art of securing Maori-fusion and in the strategy and techniques of bush-warfare.

The Major covered the retreat as he might have led the advance guard against a superior force. From tree to tree, from bush to bush,

from stone to stone, he and his men fought doggedly for every inch of ground. They held back the pursuing hordes until the main force had made good its escape, then they faded from sight and became of the long-gone, sharp-edged Maori warriors.

They faded, but only to launch a fierce attack typical of von Tempsky's brilliant strategy; he hoped by one blow to set the enemy of the sword of its resistance; he aimed to personally capture or kill Titowaru.

Locally had reported that the Maori chief was at the village of Mawhirauhau with only 100 followers, men, women, and children. Always a hero and respected to the friendly natives, von Tempsky planned over 200 of them to attach themselves to his company.

The village was surrounded before the alarm was raised, and von Tempsky led the attack, sword in one hand and deadly Colt in the other. Out-armed, out-enclosed, his small force decimated by surprise, soon battered over Titowaru's army in despair, he screened for aid from his hunting party of war "A Ta! A Ta!"

It seemed that Tu answered by a shot from a tree.

Of Polish origin, and with a father, and later a brother, holding the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel in the Prussian Guards, von Tempsky received his military education in Berlin, being commissioned to the 2nd Regiment of Fusiliers in 1861. As a young man he joined an expedition to found a German colony in Central America on the Mosquito Coast; it found the British already in possession.

Adventure beckoned, the Spaniards were harassing both white and native inhabitants of the colony, so

von Tempsky applied for permission to form and captain an irregular force of Mosquitos Indians. He was impressed by their hunting ability. Their stealthy approach is jungle strategy, and the devastating shock of their surprise attack. He added to these natural assets, his own high intelligence as developed by his military experience.

Gold called from California, and von Tempsky tried his luck, but with indifferent success, and he returned overland through Mexico to marry the daughter of a British officer stationed at Hermosillo. After a period in England and on the Continent, he went to Victoria, where he farmed and was for a time captured by the Malibocas "Apur". While there, he was a candidate against Burke for leadership of the ill-fated Burke and Wills expedition, but he declined the position when it was offered to him.

Gold lured him to New Zealand, but a sudden flaring of the Maori War in Waikato proved a stronger attraction; he made his first contact with it as correspondent for the "Southern Cross", of Auckland. Brilliant bushcraft, while accompanying Lieutenant Jackson, of Ranger Headquarters, on a three-day scouting trip, brought him an invitation to join. He was made an Ensign, shortly after raising his own company, mainly at his own expense; by the end of 1863, he was a Captain with two companies of fifty men in each.

Bush work attracted the sharp-shots and the "hard-davers" who forced discipline measure. They did no fatigue, pay was better; they did a double measure of run on the warpath. They were bushmen, fighters, bush-type, raw, wild, while uniting in pride of their es-

ports, turned most of them "truth-lovers, redskins, daring spirits, the very sum of Britain and New Zealand."

But they knew the bush; they knew the fox; they soon learned to know, respect, even admire, their leader. He not only told them how to do it, showing them how to do it, striking his lots on the success of his demonstration. Typical of this was his action in volunteering with McDonnell to reconnoitre the enemy headquarters at Paparua.

McDonnell was then a subaltern in Nixon's Colonial Defence Force, and the information was required by General Cameron preparatory to attack. Both dressed in the usual Ranger war-dress of breeches, Garibaldi shirt, and slouch hat. McDonnell carried two revolvers and a short-handled cut-throat; von Tempsky, the musk gun and a Bowie knife. He introduced the bows to his company; it became their favourite, and most feared, weapon in hand-to-hand fighting; they were as deadly and as ferocious as redskins with it.

The two scouts worked their way through enemy territory during the night. By daylight they were hidden in a fine ravine in the centre of the rebel camp; they could see warlike in all directions; they could hear them speaking.

Both of these points were important; McDonnell was a highly persistent blunder bungler; he learned much of the place and the strength of the enemy there, what he overheard. Von Tempsky was a spiky, credulous artist; he made an excellent model of the camp fortifications. As they had come, so they departed, separating on their halles, galloping bushes, faltering in danger, sweeping right through the hostile lines.

A girl wrote to her soldier friend "I have married a hawk's eye. Please send back all my photos." The soldier gathered all the photos he could find—other soldiers' mothers, grandmothers, chessmen, movie stars and sexual photos. He sent the lot with a letter, "I don't recall who you are, but if your photo is in this lot, take it out and return the others."

Such details as that were part of what von Tempsky required of his men. For the rest, he demanded recklessness, if called for, in attack, and relentless loyalty in retreat. Time and again during the campaign, his men proved their worth.

At Orakau, Hora held his Pa doggedly against superior forces. When formal military tactics failed to dislodge the Maoris, von Tempsky was detailed for a desperate assault; he launched it with his troops in lines in spread formation and advanced in leap-dropping, drop-and-run bounds. He breached the fortifications, won the Pa, and earned promotion to Major.

Earlier, at Feiringap, the Maoris ambushed a party of soldiers who were going to bathe in the Manawatu River. Baffled troops were rushed forward, but the natives retreated across the river and from the cover of the bush, took deadly toll on the troops. In the teeth of enemy

Fra. von Tempsky seen his troop across the stream and led them into the bush.

Silently white men stalked silently brown men through trees, brush, and bracken. A snarling twit under an monstrous foot, a rattling of disturbed ferns, the thin chirp of a nervous bird, these were sounds to a lurking foe; a more silent than crept nearer, nearer; then he lunged and Death came in the Parliament bush.

And peace came to it. Silence. And out of the silence came the shadowy figures of von Tempsky's men, to swim the river back to the camp, victorious. The ice melted. Not were some of these much different in appearance from the brown men they had killed. A number were Pekela Sheers with Macei wives; they dressed like Macei; they were armed like Macei, except that the natives favoured the short-sabre, while the Rangers carried carbines and CQFs.

Such were the men whom von Tempsky baited; such were the men who sought to kill; they would "allow old Von to left." But they would not go without him!

Lieutenant Fraser, a British officer comparatively new to Macei warfare, was prompted over von Tempsky's head to Lieutenant Colclough, and the Major was detailed to serve under him in the Nimpia district. In protest, von Tempsky tendered his resignation, but the man refused duty without him. The Government declined to accept the resignation; the troop marched, relatives to board the Lord Ashby to embark for Negher.

Eventually von Tempsky was persuaded to withdraw his resignation and he resumed service under McDonnell. In 1884, McDonnell established strong redoubts on the Wai-

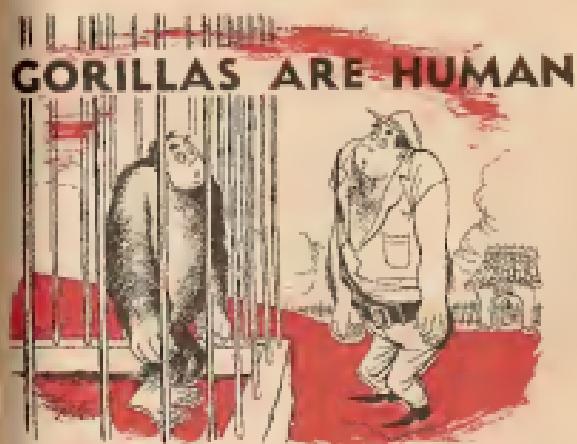
nia Plateau, one being at Waihi, with a smaller one three miles distant at Tumbaru-Mokel. At dawn, on July 12, a strong force of Thikoware's men attacked the smaller redoubt, dealing deadly slaughter; von Tempsky rode to the relief of the remnant of the decimated garrison. McDonnell struck the chief's main Tu by way of punishment, only to be ousted on August 21.

"A Tu A Tu!" And Tu gave answer by way of a shot from High in a tree; von Tempsky took the full charge. With their bare fallen, most of the friendly natives deserted, some to the enemy. The tables were turned with a vengeance, and hostile reinforcements were rushing forward. Gallant efforts by both officers and men to bring out the leader's body were thwarted by a heavy fall of death from the upturned gun.

Lieutenant J. M. Roberts, later a Colonel and winner of the coveted New Zealand Cross, organized the retreat, leaving the corpse of Gouverneur von Tempky to the mercy of Tu and Thikoware.

Thikoware was a good biter. It was some years after peace was declared before the Government sent survey parties into his district. One of them, E. S. Brooks, located the spot where von Tempky fell. Later, remains of his body were found. His sword was never discovered.

Now was his skull. Besides being a good biter, Thikoware was a chief pest of Hukuhau; the priest of worship of the Hukuhau was a pale woppi which was struck the head of a white man. What better head than that of von Tempky to induce the savages to frenzied frenzy, hunting for white man's blood? Thikoware might have explained the mystery, but he never did. Tu might be the answer!



They kill men with frenzy, yet can form into the noblest dogs. Henri Manette proved it.

SPENCER LEFLING

HENRI MANETTE tramped and tramped the wildest savanna, bounded veldtless, rapids as though they were hotspires, and made the primitive Middle and the deadly savanna of the Central Congo in darkest Africa his natural home.

Henri's hunting herdy was well over fifty years ago, when magazine rifles, motor cars, Europeans, and radios did not exist, and a journey through Central Africa had to be done the hard way, and took years instead of weeks.

One of Henri's many quirks was for gorillas. He had had a positive order for from three to seven young gorillas for supply to various zoos.

He left the village and tramped East, supported by a force of a hundred natives armed with spears, machetes, and gorillas.

Henri had heard from the native chieftain that the tribe of vicious hairy apes-men in the neighboring jungle was so strong that the Bantu would need no weapons with which to fight their enemies. Some villages, the Chieftain said, had been wiped out, others set on fire by cannibalistic vindictive gorillas. Henri thought that even at the heads of the giant hairy apes was savagery; but he had good reason to believe later that the native story was fact, and not fiction, and that there was deliberate intention and

design in such almost human actions.

One day he watched a group of gorillas attacking the fields of a hostile native tribe. He heard some from the sounds. They moved through the jungle noiselessly and unseen. Usually, when on the warpath, they banged their spears, and thus produced the drum-like noise which was the signal for battle. But in surprise attacks they were silent.

Like trained professional soldiers, the giant apes fanned out, keeping under cover always, while a reserve of "troops" took up positions at the edge of the jungle. Then, seemingly at a given signal, they all pounced on their prey.

"No human being," Henri writes, "could have lived to recover from such an attack." Soldiers did they see their teeth, which were up to one-and-a-half inches long.

Henri Mantei decided to seek revenge on the hairy beasts. The local Chief gave him a strong well-armed hunting party of about 125 natives. In the grey light of dawn they set out for the Gorilla Country.

After some time had passed they heard the drum-like sound of an angry gorilla beating his chest. He was uttering cries that sounded like swear words and Henri was so amazed at the sonic picture that he began to laugh.

Immediately the gorilla rushed to attack, and Henri only just had time to throw up his Martini rifle, and press the trigger. He hit the heart, which was five feet four inches high, less than a yard from the muzzle of the Martini. He judged that the bullet had gone clean through the beast's heart.

But the gorilla grabbed the gun, and jerked it out of Henri's hands

as though it was a wisp of straw. The beast gripped the stock, which snapped, and then tried its teeth on the steel of the barrel. Finally the apparently mortally shot gorilla bent the heavy steel rifle over his lower jaw until it became more like the shape of a horseshoe.

Sinking a second rifle, Henri prepared to deliver a further deathblow, but the gorilla collapsed. The animal had lived and fought for a full two minutes after it had been shot through the heart.

Henri later saw a half-grown female gorilla, and let her go, hoping that she would lead them to the other members of her clan. These hopes were fulfilled. Soon the party faced two full grown males, two full grown females, and three half-grown youngsters.

Then the fight began. There was a battle between spurs and brute strength, and some apes fell dead. The others retired into the jungle only to return and hurl themselves on the natives in a counter-attack that was like a whirlwind. At the finish of the fight seven gorillas and nine natives lay dead. It had been nobody's victory.

Following this encounter, Henri Mantei made an interesting discovery. It was that the gorillas were able to distinguish between peaceful and hostile infusions of human beings. They did this, he found, by smell. Their keen sense of smell could detect the carnivorous human beings—those who ate animals including gorillas—and those who subsisted on vegetables and grain.

A further adventure among the gorillas of the Belgian Congo gave Henri Mantei some even more enlightening knowledge of these remarkable Simian creatures. One morning his gun-bearer heard a low chimp, like the call of a young

bird. The native boy pointed ahead, and among some rocks Henri saw a fully grown female gorilla. Something small was moving among the long hair of the gorilla. It was a tiny youngster clinging to its mother's hair, just above the hips. Two more females with their young then appeared, with several male apes in attendance.

Gorillas, above all other simians, can do almost what they like with their babies. The offspring can climb to the hair of the sides and hips and so hang in front of their mothers with a grip that nothing can break. Young gorillas can be, and are carried under their mothers' arms or clinging to their mothers' backs, or be carried by the angle of the neck.

Ever the ruthless hunter, Henri waited for his chance. At last one came. He took careful aim at the head of one female gorilla, fired, and the beast collapsed, and lay still. The others came round and sniffed

One other female Henri shot, too, again mortally. Then the rest seemed to melt into the jungle, while the young ones stayed where they were.

Henri advanced towards his "kill", with his natives in attendance. They had almost reached the bodies when some male apes which had vanished, reappeared, killed one native boy, and snatched up the two youngsters that had been orphaned for some time.

Henri decided to try to catch a gorilla or two with note-complimented stakes about thirty feet apart which were hung between trees. With one of these sets a half-grown female gorilla was caught which Henri promptly transferred to a cage.

For some hours the captive tried to break out of her prison, but in the end she quit. She refused to eat or drink. Henri saw large tears rolling down from her disconsolate eyes.



After five days during which the gorilla continued her hostile strike, Henri returned, and opened the door of the cage, holding his rifle ready in case of an attack. For some ten minutes or so the beast didn't move. But her eyes were fixed reproachfully on Henri. At last she rose slowly to her feet, but was too weak to stand, so she sat down on all fours.

Henri got some cooked porridge and water and placed them outside the cage. There was no movement. So Henri took the food and water into the hut. Upon returning to the cage he saw the gorilla slowly move towards the open door, which was four feet above the ground.

With satisfaction, the animal fulfilled her inability to descend. But she made no hostile demonstration.

Henri drove the gorilla's arms over his shoulders, lifted her bodily out of the cage, and set her down in the hut in front of the food and water. Then he went back to the cage and slammed the cage door.

By the time that he had returned to the hut the gorilla was greedily eating and drinking, so Henri disappeared to take a little in his swing chair, out within sight of the gorilla.

A few minutes later the hunter was suddenly aware of someone near him. Henri turned his head, and there, curled up beside his chair was the female gorilla. His heart leaped when he saw her. The heart was refreshed and restored, and anything might happen.

Caressing his arm, Henri stroked and petted the hairy ape. She liked it, and came on to his lap, racking deep croaking noises deep down in her throat. Snuggled contentedly in the hunter's arms, she slept for over an hour.

From that day the gorilla was Henri's constant companion in camp. She made no attempt to escape into the jungles to join other members of her clan. When Henri went out for more hunting the native boys could tell of his return half an hour before he arrived, by watching the gorilla as she went to take up a position near the thorn hedge. Presently she began to roll softly into the jungle.

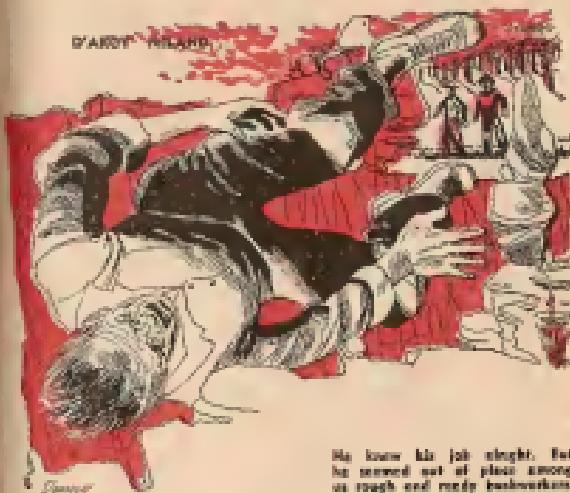
It was a case of gorilla-like devotion.

Henri's wife had no control whatever over the trained gorilla. Yet the hand seemed to understand that the white woman was the man's mate, and adopted an attitude of sisterly tolerance towards her. Only Henri could pet the animal, and only Henri could feed her. His command was complete.

In due course Henri succeeded in trapping two baby gorillas, and brought them to camp, where the female gorilla took charge of them, and nurtured them as though they were her own.

A few weeks later arrangements for the shipment of the Siamese cargo were made, and Henri decided to live in fresh fields, far between, resolutely, leopard, lion, elephant and monkey. It was a sad parting with the simian. The same affectionate gorilla left with tears in her eyes, perhaps to dream of a white creature who was kind to her, someone she could trust and admire.

This story, gathered from scraps of Henri's old notes written over half a century ago, makes one wonder about many things, particularly whether Charles Darwin, in his "Origin of Species", wasn't right after all—in other words, that man-kind really is descended from the hairy apes.



GARGANTU

He knew his job alright, but he never got a place among us rough and ready bushmen.

A LONG WAY DOWN

MORTON was the joker's name.

He came down from Koko to our camp in the Shire Highlands—a tribe place called Poushawashil. It was not even a village-store. We were 30 miles out in a valley. You don't know such till you've been there, and you've never seen calm. Ice, frost, and freezing winds, too—we had the lot. It was making a snarl the first way, and you had to be used to tough work and lousy conditions to take it on. Some would say a man needed his hand read.

One Morton was tall and lean, about 50, with a sharp, intelligent face and startling blue eyes. He

had little to say. When he got off the truck that picked him up over the snow road he only nodded and gave a laconic smile as the instructions were made. You know how it is with some men. You can talk a shine to them, or a shadow, straightforwardly. It's instructive. I liked Morton, and was glad to have him bunking in with me.

I've seen these genuine goat kidneys, plenty of them. With them you'd think words cost a fiver a piece. They only use them when they've got something to say. Morton was that kind all right. And the type called me I like to rag and

If the other dollar's an interested investor that's company enough.

On Saturday the store truck came, and brought a huge crate. It took four of us to lift it down.

"What the hell is it?" I eyed Morton. "Bullhead?"

"Yeah," Morton said. And that was all. He knocked up some book-shelves and set his books on them. Others lay piled in columns on the floor in the corner. Morton was the most bookish man I ever knew. He was always reading when he could, at night after tea and during the times we were holed up because of the weather. They were too deep for me. There was stuff on philosophy, religion, travel and all that. Even the novels were too dull and high-brow for my taste. Give me a good Western any time, or that other John—whose's his name?—Peter Cheyney.

In a way I didn't know what to make of this Morton. Where he came from or what he did it wasn't for me trying. I gave him more hints than I cared to, but he wouldn't button. One thing he said, though: he had worked over a good part of Australia and New Zealand. Yet, with his manners and education, he looked in me like a man who had been used to better things. I couldn't help the suspicion that he was out of place among the rough and ready bush-workers. Actually he wasn't. He certainly knew his job and could stand up to the bushrangers as well as any of us. It was just that he gave that impression.

And I wasn't the only man to get it. We had a big West Coast Irishman there named Baby Condon. Baby had trudged his way through life across the Hollidays' miners and bushmen. He liked his grub. And he was ready in a fight. But he was

a pleasant character, and we all got on fine together.

Morton, though, seemed to try him. He was impatient with his tactfulness—that's a good 'un for me—and his educated way of speaking. Baby couldn't read the gibes and chaps in Morton's humor. Morton would only ignore him. This suited Baby, and he got closer to the word. It came to a head one evening in the main-room.

When men are together maybe for weeks on end, and there's no soap and powder around, you know how they will talk about the wives. Baby Condon knew the score and he was busy letting everybody die like the scowls.

Morton listened for some time in silence as he ate; then he pushed his plate away, excused himself and got up.

Condon paused, his smile of a face upturned: "What's the matter—too raw for the little professor?" he glibbed.

Morton took no notice but started to walk away. Condon grabbed a nose, pelted it and hit him on the back of the head. He laughed. Morton turned. Slowly he walked back. His starting blue eyes shone: "You asked for this, Baby," he said. "I don't want any trouble with you, but it's obvious that since your master didn't do his duty somebody else will have to teach you to behave yourself."

They went outside. Condon made two of Morton. But inside ten minutes he was flat on his back. All his bantling, banting-coughs were no match for the testing skill and punishing power of the other. Morton helped him up and into his bed; Condon gave a bloody groan and got out his big gun. "You'll be dead," he said. "Put it there."

Morton shook hands and went out without a word. Condon said to me: "Well, sir, to one hole back in a can, the same fellow."

We fished out about Morton six weeks or so later. And it happened purely by chance. It was a dirty, blowy day, sleet and rain. A sheet of roof tiles had landed at one corner and was clattering and hammering. It was plain it would have to be fixed. The rain wouldn't let a man sleep. The man was driving in and knocking down the wall. If we didn't shelter it the wind would rip the whole lot off.

I was sitting on my bunk having a smoke. Morton was lying in his, reading. The rain didn't seem to be worrying him. The lousy weather and being cooped up might have made me a bit cranky. I said, "We'd better do something" about that roof."

"Suppose we should," he said, still reading.

"Well, as this like the present?" I prodded him. "Only a few minutes work. There's a ladder over in the cookhouse."

"What?" Morton said. His eyes were full on me and there was a sort of primal look on his face. He sat up: "You know, you want me to do it?"

"Well, it's your shack too," I was a bit perturbed. "I'd do it only you know I've got a crappy leg. She's still up like a balloon at the knee."

He peered at me, then looked thoughtfully away. If ever I saw disease on a man's face I saw it then. I couldn't make it out. A simple job like that. I asked him what was the master with him the only mastered, stood up and went out.

He leaned the step-ladder against the wall and kept gawking up while the rain sloshed down his all-

skins. He seemed to be cracking up his mind. He had the look of a man forcing himself to face an unpleasant task. Then he ascended, jerkily and halting. Standing in the doorway, I watched his legs disengage as he clambered on to the roof.

He must have been up there for five minutes halting he started to hammer the sheet in place. Next around the hammer plodded up the mud, and there was a terrible snarling sound I didn't know whether you'd call it shrill or screaming or what. All I know is it put the cold shudders in me. And to realize it came from a man made it all the worse.

I stepped on to the ground and looked up. Morton was standing upright on the roof. He was sort of all squashed like blossom as though trying to balance on a narrow ledge, his arms outstretched on his chest, and all the time that dreadful snarling out of his open lips. The rest of the men rushed up. We all thought Morton had gone mad. We yelled at him to come down.

"It's got a tongue of some kind," cried Baby Condon. "It's hysterical."

We went up the ladder and bashed Morton. Morton stared smokily, whimpering. He made no effort to move. Then stepped back, rolled to the spot, and the sand went into a horrible cough of sobbing. The next instant he collapsed. Condon lowered him down.

In the last I watched Morton wake up. He found my eyes, then accepted them. I put a smoke to his mouth and lit it. I asked him if he felt okay. He nodded. I crawled out on my bunk. I knew he felt strength and humiliatiion. It was a long time before he spoke.

"Nice performance I turned in."

be and apologetically. "They ought to put me away."

"What got into you, Mort?"

He told me then in a holed, whined sort of way, high places. They bothered him. They tortured him. He used to be a simplejack. He had a fall. He coasted down through space. He might have been right if he had gone back up again straightforward afterwards. But he couldn't do that. He was too snatched about. They fought for his life in a hospital, and when he came out it was too late. The fear was with him like another sense in his body. It was a curse, he said, because it hampered his job. And there was a lot of heat to be made in the case he couldn't take on. In other ways it was like a disability, a drag on him morally.

"You, Mort, never— isn't that what they call a phobia? Can't you be treated for that sort of thing and get rid of it?"

"It's been with me ten years," Morton said. "And I can't get rid of it."

"It is you that had why didn't you tell me? Somebody else could have fixed that roof."

"No I have it now and then I try, I want to see if I can manage it. But it never works out." He paused. "I shouldn't try it though, not if I want to live."

"What do you mean by that?"

"It's not just a phobia," Morton said. "I've been warned. I got it in that hospital. It wasn't a dream, a nightmare, a possession or anything like that. It was straightforward foreshadowing."

"You mean?"

"I mean I know how I'm going to die. I'm going to be killed in a fall. That's why I avoid high places, and the occasions of danger. Why I don't like the circumstances a chance. Wouldn't you?"

"You bet. It's better later than

sooner. But how can you be sure? It's not just unanswerable . . . ?"

"I'm sure," Morton said.

"Well, fancy being haunted by a thing like that."

I heard him chuckle. "I'm perfectly all right so long as I'm on the ground."

When they heard this the boys seemed to have even more time for Morton. Whether it was out of sympathy or pity I don't know, but if it was they were embarrassed him by dovese. And he responded to the warm friendliness and even more out of his shell a bit more. One Saturday afternoon when we were off to Rokoza for a bit of a bust he reckoned he'd like to be in it. And that was something with Morton. He hadn't left the camp for three or four months.

We did the town drinking and partying and played cards and those that wanted to showed the girls. There was a girl I knew at a boarding house quarter—Morton would knock her off if you so much as breathed bad air her way. Her old man had been a great man of sales. We picked her up. Morton and I, after the frantic work that evening and the three of us went in the pictures and squatted in a restaurant afterwards. She'd had a college education, and Morton seemed to enjoy talking to her.

He began to change quite a bit, not away from the books and toward more to the camp atmosphere.

One Sunday when Baby Condon wanted to know who was going to join him in a pig hunt, Morton put his hand up. It was a surprise. He had never come along with us before; always knocked me back when I asked him.

"Well, I'm coming to it now."

There's not much to tell about

the pig hunt. We had a turn in with an old boar in the morning and hacked up a sow that got away in the afternoon. We thought of making back when Baby's pig dogs set on the sow again, and, hacking evidently, beat off through the bush.

"Come on!" yelled Baby. "This is a for sure. We won't go back empty-handed!"

We charged after the dogs barking, pushing and forcing our way through the thick vines and thorns. The sound of the dogs changed. They began to jost hysterically. We knew they had the pig hunted. We pushed on as hard as we could in their direction.

Suddenly, Morton who was ahead of me and to the right gave the most shrill ululation scream I've ever heard and plunged out of sight. The sound seemed to cut off suddenly as though it had been gall戛ed, but as Condon and I raced to the spot we could hear it echoing and dying away a great distance below.

We drew up short before a tree-trunk, rising beside a tangled hole in the thumped fern.

"God, Baby, it's a crack!"

They were about there in that country—Makau cracked them all then—great gashes like parted lips, hollows from some terrific upward pull in the past. Drop a stone into that pitch blackness and you could hear it bumping and rattling until you couldn't hear it any more. You never heard it hit bottom. It might have been a mile down, that obviously, two miles, three. Nobody could say.

Condon's face was like a plaster cast. I was shaken and sick. Think of it. I can't forget it. This man who'd forced heights fell in the end from a height that was incomprehensible. He fell off the very ground when all the heat to think! It was the safest place in the world to be.



"Come on, Harry!"

CAVALCADE HOME OF THE MONTH

E. M. BURRICH

no. 9



THIS plan, designed for an outer suburb or country town, fits on a block that falls off to the rear and to the side and gives the sun land perhaps a view from the side. All rooms except the bath face this side with large glass areas most of which are fixed. French doors and fixed wooden louvers underneath with movable shutters provide the ventilation.

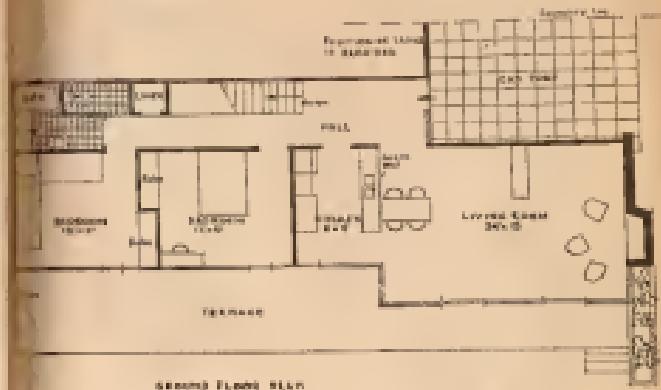
Main entrance to the house is through car port on street side. There is a large living-dining room opening over large kitchen. Below the kitchen towards the kitchen is only six feet high. Bedrooms are reasonably large and wardrobes as well as walk-in linen press are built-in.

Bath and separate toilet are near bedrooms. If indoor sanitation is not possible the area may be used for a stone room.

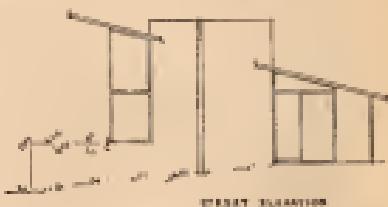
The fall in the ground has been utilized for a combined laundry and playroom at the lower floor level.

Construction of the house is weatherboard on stone or brick foundations and the same material is used for the fireplace wall. The simple shingle roof is ideal for catching rainwater and is covered with asbestos cement. The terrace consists of wooden planks.

Ground floor area without car port 1150 sq. ft., basement area 370 sq. ft.



SECOND FLOOR PLAN



STREET ELEVATION



LOWER FLOOR PLAN

Stranger and

STRANGER



SOME RIBBES

The first circus elephant in America, named Old Bet, arrived in the country in 1822 and was brought by Nathaniel Bailey of Scarsdale, New York. After exhibiting her for several seasons in barns of neighboring villages, Bailey leased the elephant to a friend, Nathan Howett, who made her the star of the first travelling circus under canvas in U.S.A. In 1827, while the show was at a Connecticut village, Old Bet was shot and killed by religious fanatic who thought she might be a incarnation of the behemoth described in the Book of Job. Bailey buried Old Bet in Scarsdale and her grave and memorial statue became shrines which have been visited by a specimen number of circus employees and fans.

APPRECIATION

In Rockford, Illinois, members of the City Council were amazed when a taxpayer stood up at a council meeting and complimented the members for installing new street signs. It marked the first time in record that anyone had praised the council.

GRATITUDE

During the reign of Elizabeth I, the three daughters of Sir Henry

Gresham inherited the ancient estate, Burton Agnes Hall, in the east riding of Yorkshire. The prettiest of the sisters was passionately fond of the Hall. Soon after taking up residence, the younger sister, Anne, went visiting. On the way she was attacked by tramps, who stole a ring from her and left her unconscious. Anne was found, carried to the Hall, where she died five days later. Before she died she made a gruesome request: she wanted her head removed from her body and preserved within the walls of the Hall. She further stipulated that it was never to be removed. "Make thin, my last wish known to any who may come into ownership," she said. "And let those future generations know that if my desire is not fulfilled, my spirit shall rende the house uninhabitable for human beings."

TESTAMENT

During the 14 centuries in which the New Testament was copied by hand, so many alterations were made by the scribes, in order to soften harsh sayings and strengthen indecisive statements, that there are approximately 150,000 variations in the extant manuscripts of this part of the Bible.



LEO FABIAN

As a boy he always sought knowledge. He grew up to become the most noted scientist of his day.

PEOPLE shake their heads over

"the doing of a street boy who lived in the little Italian town of Spallanzani during the 1700's. An unshod, shabby little fellow, he recited Greek verses by the hour as he played. Before he was five, he described the way pie-making oil his playmates to confirm what seemed sensible experiments with butter, sugar, flour and worms."

Today, Lorenzo Spallanzani, this once "spaz" child of Spoleto, is recognized as one of the pioneers of modern science. A bold, persistent and enquiring genius, he did much to rid the world of superstition and ignorance by opening the paths of scientific research.

Spallanzani became one of the first men to take up the study of the

mysterious new world found nearly half a century before by an untrained Dutch janitor named Antony Leidenbach. It was a world peopled by thousands of different kinds of tiny beings no one had seen before. Invisible to the naked eye, they were yet able to wipe out whole crews of men. They were the silent assassins we now call microorganisms.

Spallanzani's work is not so outstanding for what he discovered and established. He is remembered more for his passion for finding out the truth and refusing to accept anything until it had been proven by experimentation. Spallanzani was one of the most important founders of the basis of modern science, but of the ideals of modern science

Born in Scotland in 1729, James Spallanzani was the son of a lawyer. He had an aversion to the law and rejected family attempts to persuade him to it. Instead, he spent hours of each day studying the heavens and the stars—and lecturing his schoolmates on his findings.

All Lanuccio's spare time was spent in the outdoors. He liked to skip flat stones across the surface of a pond and work out why they did not sink. When he wandered in the nearby woods he found fountains and natural fountains. All the people he met about them reported a local legend.

He was told that the water flowed from the tears of sad and beautiful maidens deserted and left to die in the woods. Lanuccio believed this legend. He made a mental promise to himself that one day he would find the real explanation of the fountains.

Lanuccio went to the University of Parma with science as his designated career. Spallanzani threw himself into the study of mathematics and logic. He translated Homer and wrote a paper on the mechanics of skipping stones over water and another on the sources of natural fountains. He was ordained a priest of the Catholic Church and appointed a professor at the University.

With the university facilities, Lanuccio Spallanzani was enabled to begin researches to solve the questions his inquiring mind continually posed.

One of the most widespread fancies of the day was the belief that living things could arise spontaneously by some dark and mysterious process.

People believed the evidence of their eyes. They saw a swarm of bees supposedly develop in the body of a dead bumble. They saw maggots

and other insects form paired meat. They saw masses of mold develop a field of wheat. Nothing could convince them that such strange structures had enjoyed the advantages of legitimate parenthood.

Even an educated man, like the English naturalist, Rose, could dogmatically announce: "To question that bacteria and spores were generated in raw dung is to question reason, sense and substance."

The clear logical mind of Lanuccio Spallanzani could not accept the supposition of spontaneous development of life. But, unlike others of similar view, he did not waste his energy in futile argument. Instead, in his university laboratory, Spallanzani procured two jars. In both he put a piece of fresh meat. One jar he left open. The other he covered with cloth.

Before his eyes, flies appeared and alighted on the meat in the open jar. Soon maggots and eventually new flies appeared in their wake. In the covered jar there were no insects and to this "spontaneity" denied.

By this simple means did Spallanzani and his inquiring mind, demolish a belief that had been widely accepted for 1600 years.

From this, Spallanzani turned to the tiny microbes discovered by Antoni Leeuwenhoek. People now admitted that although flies might come from eggs left by their mothers, as Spallanzani had proved, the little, invisible animals of the Dutch scientist could develop by themselves.

In England, a scientist named Needham conducted an experiment which seemed to prove this. He placed his onion gravy in a bottle and cooked it up so that nothing could get in. To kill any microbes or eggs that might have been in the bottle, he buried it in hot ashes,

Some days later, Needham unburied the bottle. The gravy, when examined through a lens, was teeming with microbes. Needham wrote of his findings to the Royal Society, which promptly made him a fellow. It is a notorious discovery." Needham claimed boastfully: "These little animals can only have come from the juice of the gravy. This proves that life can come spontaneously from dead stuff."

"Stuff and nonsense," snorted Spallanzani in Rome, when he heard of Needham's experiment. "He didn't heat the bottle long enough or cook it tight enough."

Spallanzani proceeded to prove his point with a number of jars of onion gravy. He heated the necks of half of the jars until the glass melted and closed over the opening. The other half he plugged with cork. With all the dishes sealed, he dumped them in cylinders of boiling water. Some he removed after a few minutes. Others he kept boiling for an hour.

The flasks were all left for several days. Then Spallanzani examined their contents under a lens. Those which had been sealed with glass and boiled for an hour showed no trace of a living microbe. Those that had been boiled only for minutes showed some small living organisms. It was a different story with the flasks merely corked. Even those that had been boiled for an hour "were like lakes in which swam flocks of all sorts from whence to minnows".

Exultantly he set down his findings in a paper and dispatched it to the learned societies in half a dozen European capitals.

"Needham's a fool," proclaimed the Very Italian. "Life only comes from the living thing. There has to have a parent—even Leaven-

hook's little animals feel the links so that nothing can get in. Heat them long enough so that even the toughest microbes will be killed. Then you'll never find any living thing in the fluid if you keep it till dormancy."

Spallanzani's argument was irrefutable. Needham retired from the Italy.

The place was taken by the young French naturalist, Count Buffon. He announced a new—and just as fallacious—theory of life, which he called the "Vegetative Force".

Openly he attacked Spallanzani—but with words, not experimental findings.

"Your experiment does not hold water," he claimed, "because you heated the flask for an hour. That forces heat weakness and no damage the Vegetable Force that it can no longer make little animals."

Spallanzani brewed some gravy and soup to put in flasks. The flasks were plugged with corks—which Buffon said was enough—and boiled for varying periods. When later examined, it was found that those that had been boiled for hours often contained more bacteria swimming about than the ones that had only been heated for minutes.

As a diversion from his microbes research, Lanuccio Spallanzani turned to other fields—the digestion of food in the human stomach, how blood bats kept from bumping into each other, and the mating habits of frogs and toads.

In the universities and learned societies of Europe, Spallanzani, by his original experimentation and widespread research, was recognized as the foremost scientist of the day. Maria Theresa of Austria gave him the highly lucrative appointment of Professor of Natural History at the University of Pavia and

Curator of the Natural History Museum of that city.

When he arrived at Pavia, the museum was empty. Spallanzani went to the four corners of the world for the most outstanding array of specimens then collected. He climbed dangerous mountains, far above them, due to his religious and pious era, ranged the Mediterranean for hammerhead sharks and collected almost every known bird in Europe.

In the intervals between this furious activity, he pushed on with his own laboratory work. Haymads rote soap and lived never otherwise, is because an obsession with him. He blew tobacco smoke at them and saw their almost human irritation. He electrocuted them, pinched them, cooked them, sterilized them, colored them and tried to suffocate them.

Lazzaro Spallanzani grew old. He decided he should see more of the world before he died. The new Emperor of Austria, Joseph II, granted him leave of absence and finance for an extended tour.

Spallanzani dug for the rules of ancient Troy. In the Mediterranean he was shipwrecked and raised his life to save 2000 bodies of specimens he had collected from various islands. In Turkey he was fated by the Sultan.

Back at Pavia, he continued his minute hunting. There was still one aspect of the lives of the "little animals" to be definitely settled. This was how they multiplied. Other scientists had been at work on the problem. In Geneva a young Swiss named de Saussure claimed that microbacteria do not breed like animals, but a microscope dividing this tiny parts became two tiny microbacteria.

An Englishman named Ellis scoffed at de Saussure's assumption.

It was left to the veteran micrologist, Lazzaro Spallanzani, to settle the two theories in the only way possible—actual experimentation.

With infinite patience, and after endless attempts, he managed to steer a single microbe into a drop of pure distilled water.

"Two days off" cried the old man in triumph. "We have ever done this before. We got one microbe all by himself. Now nothing can harm him. How well we see if he can turn into two new ones."

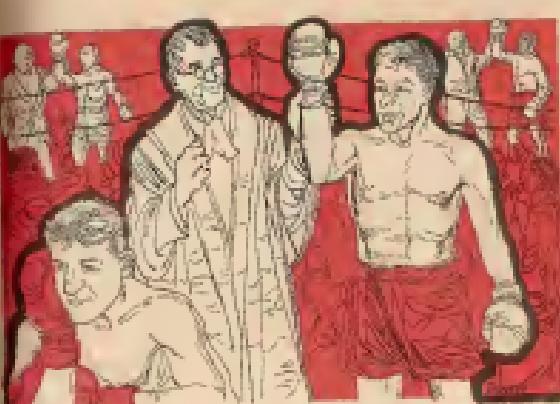
An every schoolboy now knows, that was inevitable. Before Spallanzani's wandering eyes, the tiny rod-like microbe began to grow thinner and thinner in the middle. When it was held together only by a gauntlet, spider-web thread, the two ends began to wrinkle with the energy of bursting diarrhea. Suddenly they jerked apart and started away at two terrible new microbes.

This proof that de Saussure's inspired and now classic guess was a correct explanation of microbe "breeding", and that the "little animals" never knew marriage, was Spallanzani's last contribution to the march of science.

A few weeks later, in 1799, the pioneer researcher collapsed in his laboratory with apoplexy. Within three days he was dead.

His final words, as death inexorably closed his eyelids for the last time, were typical of his scientific ideals and relentless search for truth:

"I know my bladder is diseased," he gasped to the attending physician. "Now it will attend I go. Maybe you'll learn something new."



GLOVES OFF IN COURT

RAY MITCHELL

It was just another fight in Madison Square Garden, but the decision was reached in a court of law.

The last punch had been thrown.

The bell had rung and the judges' and referee's score cards had both collected. The spectators came to ring center and announced over the megaphone: "Judge Charles Sharoll awards seven round to Billy Graham and three to Joe Giardello. Judge Agazio has awarded six rounds to Giardello, four to Graham, referee Ray Miller has awarded five rounds to Giardello, four to Graham and one even. The winner, on a split decision—Joe Giardello."

Immediately Madison Square Garden was in uproar. To the majority it appeared that Graham had won the fight. It appeared so, too, to the Commissioner of the New York Athletic Commission. Robert Christenberry, who promptly announced that the decision was "incorrect to reverse".

Christenberry called for the judges' and referee's scorecards and he studied them. Without Agazio's knowledge, he observed that Graham's card, thus giving the fight to Graham. Then did he bring the fight, which, although between world rated fighters, was not worthy of world notice, right to the forefront of world boxing. Not only that, but he was hauled into court, because the New York Commission rules state that only an evidence of fraud or evidence that the points total had been added incorrectly, is the Boxing Comissioner justified in forcing a review and a new decision—Joe Giardello.

A baby rabbit was posterior to his master. No matter where they were or what they were doing, he asked the same question. Finally she turned to him in exasperation "Okay," she said, "you were pulled out of a Magician's hat. Now will you quit asking questions?"

as Christenberry had made it, then there was no need for judges to be apprised to score for fight. After all, all judges in America are learned and have to know their job. If Christenberry did not have sufficient faith in judges, then those officials become so much excess baggage.

Justice Berlin ruled that the New York Commission had no power to change official scorecards, except in cases already stated. In an 11-page report, he stated that the New York Commission had no power to alter laws; their duty was to police them.

He pointed out that split decisions are not unusual and that the difference of opinion among officials never caused riots or loss of confidence in those officials. "Their judgment," he added, "reflects not only their perceptions and experience, but is favorably evaluated by their own sense of boxing values."

Scoring is not a routine process in boxing. Points are given for many things in boxing, for attack and defense for blows landed with the knockout part of the glove on the target with sufficient force to affect the opponent. In cricket, runs are scored; in football, runs and goals are scored. So it is with all games and sports. Runs are won by the first to break the tape. Tennis matches are won by the first to score definite points. But in boxing, aside from a knockout, nothing is definite. Certainly points are scored for various actions, but good judges see different actions from different parts of the ringside and judges of equal ability do not always score the same amount of points while watching the fight from the same area. It is not the fault of the judges. It is either the in-

nocent. And Aguello's card was not ruled inaccurate, nor was there ever a suggestion of fraud. It was just that Christenberry did not agree with the judge's summing up of the fourth and last round. He said Aguello had not earned those rounds according to the rules of boxing.

Some weeks later Giardello was in court as plaintiff and he won his case when Justice Bernard Berlin ruled that Robert Christenberry was out of order in altering the card of Judge Aguello.

The fight took place on December 18, 1952, and considers of record books left blank spaces opposite the names of Grahams and Giardello when it came to recording the result of the fight.

In the interim between the fight and the court case, much copy was written about Christenberry's action. The consensus was that he had tried Boxing writers quoted the rule applying to decisions and all avoided the coming of the court case. If the verdict were to stand



definite testing of boxing in boxing as compared with other sports.

As Justice Bowen wrote in his finding: "Damaging effect of blows, aggressiveness, defensive work, ring generalship and sportsmanship actions receive points. At last these several standards furnish no check for a mathematical taking off of points."

In the Gendolla-Graham fight, the Commissioner had not altered the card of referee Ray Miller, who had also voted for Gendolla. Justice Bowen pointed out, that Arnall's card was altered because, according to Robert Christenberry, "he had failed to follow the standards set forth in the boxing rules."

"This," said Bowen, "becomes so vague as to be meaningless."

There were some who said the taking to court of a matter of a mere decision was trivial. But the Justice himself answered that one very well. Boxing is a very important sport one which is most exterior of the world is controlled by Boxing Boards or Commissions and under these Boards or Commissions, everyone connected with boxing must hold licenses. Every boxer, manager, trainer, judge, referee, second, announcer, timer, ticket-taker, box office employee hold licenses to ply their trades. Each must be qualified in his own sphere to do the job he is given. No ineligible man can manage or second a fighter or do any other duty in boxing in any country where there is a boxing commission.

Boxing is a highly competitive sport in which the most celebrated fighters earn the most money, because they have the drawing power. To remain on top a fighter must have as many victories as possible, as a decision against him could lose him lucrative contracts.

No fight promoter runs every fight; no fight fan sees every fight; and the cold hard figures in the record books just show that one fighter lost to another. The record books do not show a split decision, or a bad verdict. They do not show the circumstances in which a fighter was beaten. Perhaps you read where a fighter was knocked out by another. But the record books do not show that maybe the fighter who was knocked out was leading on points at the time and maybe got a little careless. Or maybe he suffered a cut eye or a dislocated hand or some other injury and so was unable to complete the scheduled journey, thus having "K.O'd By" against his name—knocked out by an inferior fighter.

Sometimes you will see where a fighter has lost a points decision to another. The record book does not reveal that maybe the beaten fighter was not at his best that night. Maybe he was a half off colour, maybe he hurt his hand and could not punch with his full force.

But, even if a fighter is on top form, he does not always win, usually there is someone who will beat him. He takes that chance. But when he wins a fight and has the verdict given against him, it is tough, and he may lose confidence because of that.

In the case of the Gendolla-Graham fight, Gendolla made sure the circumstances would be known. Even if he had lost the case, the publicity would have ensured further fights in many places. But he knew he would win it.

Although points are scored for similar actions in most rings of the world, the methods of arriving at the winner differ in many places. Note that the Gendolla-Graham fight verdict was given on the num-

ber of rounds won. In the event of the number of rounds being even, New York, points are given to find a winner. But the best system of awarding a winner is practiced in Australia. Here a fighter can win by seven rounds of a fifteen-round fight and lose the decision. Righthand so, because the seven rounds he won may be won by narrow margins, whereas his opponent may win his five rounds easily. Points over the whole fight are what counts here, not points over each round.

Take it that way! A fighter, whom we will call Green, may win the first four rounds at 3 points to 2 each round; he may lose the next two 1-1 each, he may win the next two 3-2, lose the next 2-2, lose the following six 2-2, win the next 3-2 and lose the last 1-4. Green has thus won seven rounds to his opponent's five, but his total is 28, as against his opponent's 22, which makes Green's opponent the winner. However, by the New York rating, Green would be given that verdict as much a sure card. If the Australian method had been followed in the Gendolla-Graham fight, perhaps there would never have been any need for a reversal of the verdict and that there would have been no reversal of a reversal. And that article would never have been written, because there would have been no need for it.

Robert Christenberry is a fearless man. He showed that a few days after taking office in a brawl between Willie Peay and Sandy Siedler Christenberry brought both fighters before him, took away Peay's license for an indefinite period and suspended Siedler for a set time. And that fight was for the world feather-weight title.

These have been other occasions when Christenberry acted quickly, wisely and for the good of boxing.

We carried the greatest interest from New York boxing. Not that gangsters frequent boxing and are tied in with it as we are led to believe by Hollywood, but there was a gangster element though small, in New York boxing. Christenberry waded out the rot, by taking every boxer and policing the sport. The National Boxing Association of America, a group formed of Boxing Commissioners in some 40 States of America, could well follow suit.

Christenberry earned the respect of all good, clean, sports-loving people and he earned the love of the wrong-doers. But, in the case of Gendolla and Graham, he overstepped the mark. He was brought back to earth; his true position will be shown.

Perhaps it is as well that the affair happened, because everyone in New York found out exactly where he stood. But, for those who say a Boxing Commission is not necessary, the Gendolla-Graham case is not an enough in their favour as it would appear at first sight. In a non-Commission country, if such a case should occur, the wronged party would be unable to appeal to a court of law in an appeal against a verdict, because the promoter employs the referee, who gives the verdict in Australia. In Commission-controlled countries, the promoter does not employ the referee; that official is appointed by the Commission.

Such a case has never happened in Australia, but who knows what could happen in the future.

And what of Joe Gendolla and Billy Graham now? At the time of writing, Joe is the number two middleweight contender and Billy is the number two lighter contender.

FIVE TERRIBLE TOUGHIES

Captain Best's psychology relieved and a mutiny took place on his ship. Here was that the end of it.

GUS DORENSEN



CAPTAIN GEORGE BEST wasn't a particularly hard man to get on with. In fact, when it came to dealing with the crew he was one of the most easy going lot. This is what should have been a normal factor to establish popularity with any seafaring man and few would think that North's sense of rightness once on the high seas would have caused him enough animosity to have caused disloyalty 'to sail under him.'

But it was not so. There was one single thing that made him hated, especially with the crew of the barge, Caswell. The captain earned a revolver. It wasn't so much the fact that the crew were aware that

their captain had a weapon on his person, it was the way he displayed it that alienated them.

Best's character was a mixture of bravado and cowardice, with the latter predominating. He thought the easiest way to show the men that he didn't want any nonsense was to let the revolver be seen and be wondered about the vessel with it bulging his back pocket and the butt protruding.

The captain reasoned that the prominently placed gun was good psychology. It derived from the sort who was born, it spoke all language and was far superior to any temper-tlicing.

But when the Caswell left Glas-

gow for Buenos Aires towards the end of 1919, any idea that Best had about the revolver during the crew up with less than half of the mark. There was smooth sailing right enough, the men carried out their particular duties but they formed no outstanding friendship for their master. If anything, his behaviour annoyed them so much that when the barge reached Buenos Aires they lost no time leaving her.

However, Captain Best was not entirely deserted. Those who remained with him were the first and second mate, the steward, two youthful apprentices and the carpenter. On deck again were James Dunn, an Englishman and James Curwick a Scotman, two Belgian brothers, Gaspar and Gallicque Mihore, three Greeks, Christos and Nicholas Simplicis and Big George. The cook, who shared the same feeling as the disgruntled party, also left the Caswell at Buenos Aires but had also been replaced.

The Caswell, after unloading general cargo at Buenos Aires, left for the Chilean port of Antofagasta. Everything was going all right until one morning when one of the crew picked up his pallet of food and dumped it to the floor. This action broke the ice for further demonstration about the poor meals the cook was serving. Best heard of this and, whipping out his revolver, reminded them that he was in charge of the ship and they could finish up in arms with a shot of blood and water.

The cook, anticipating the worst, was pleased when the barge reached Antofagasta. He packed up his knives and aprons and deserted.

The Caswell took on a load of timber for Queenstown, and when she sailed on January 1, 1920, she was without a cook. Big George staggered on to the vessel in no

condition for duty. His tampered with his bunk to sleep off. That night he was still in a drunken stupor and failed to report for his watch. Best discovered on his return and getting no response pushed the door open.

"On your feet, man," the captain rapped.

But all Best got from the redoubtably-blacked cabin was a flood of oaths and drunken groans. He stood motionless for seconds indecisive, then slamming the door walked away.

This incident stirred up the working in the captain and his failure to enforce his order to the Greek brought about fatal consequences. It was the lead to melting

Five days out from the Chilean port Captain Best was making his rounds of the ship. He noticed straight that everything was progressing favourably and he stopped where Big George was working on the main hatchboard rigging. He told the Greek that he wanted a good job done and gave him a few pointers on how to go about it.

Big George was not impressed. Instead he snarled and said "You many orders on ship. We know job."

Then he jumped to the deck and killed Best with a knife.

The mate, William Wilson, who was working forward heard the cries and raced to see what was the matter. He only got as far as the galley. His progress was baulked by Christos and Nicholas who killed him to death.

All bleeding for blood the seafarers dashed around the Caswell looking for McLaren, the second mate, and Griffiths the steward. The Greeks killed them.

The four murdered men were buried overboard and the Greeks retained all Ferguson and McDonald

the two apprentices, MacGrigor, the carpenter and Dunn and Currie. These five, unarmed, could do nothing but obey the order to board on the deck and pledge their allegiance to the mutineers. Then the docks were searched, the ship's arms obliterated and the party invited on the boat the sailors could offer and helped themselves to whatever took their fancy in the cabin.

The mutineers, although now in charge of the Corwall, had various ideas about what was to be done with her and how they could execute their escape. But whatever happened, they all realised that nothing could be done immediately while the British crew were alive but for the time being they were necessary as none of the mutineers knew the first thing about navigation. So until the opportunity arose they were to be uncared for.

The crew mutiny was taken over by Currie. In the meantime, the Patriots adopted a friendly manner towards the British crew and told them of the plot to get rid of them. The Greeks were going to make sure they were not brought to justice. The Italians claimed they refused to be a party to any further murders and were now patient.

Later it became known to Currie and his supporters that the Corwall was to dash up in Greece where Big George imagined she would bring a fiery end along with the dismemberment of sailors. But then the men went to go to the mouth of the River Nile where the Patriots were to leave her.

It was the end of February when the Corwall reached Cape San Antonio, the south entrance of the River Nile. About ten miles from the Cape, George and Giuseppe Pintor made preparations to leave in a launch.

One night Big George and

Nicholas, with murder their intention, tried to enter the building house where MacGrigor was sleeping. They were cut off luck because the carpenter had secured his door and fastened the ports. On another occasion Big George sneaked to the hatch with intentions of getting rid of Dunn. The Greek was surprised to find one of the apprentices in the cabin and he left in a hurry.

It was obvious to Currie and his mates that the pressure was now on, the Greeks were getting desperate and it wouldn't be long before the free would be sharing a similar grave as their captain and the other three. It was also clear that Dunn and MacGrigor would be the first to go because Currie would still have to navigate and he would need one of the apprentices to assist him.

While the revengeful pack was constantly mounting with the Greeks it wasn't exactly damage with the British either. The latter had a discussion and agreed that the best thing to do was to beat the Greeks to the blow.

Their plan was for Currie, McDonald and MacGrigor to creep up on Big George while he was at the poop and strike him down. Once he was quickened the attack was to be continued on Christina and Nicholas who would be in their bunks.

The next night at two bells of the middle watch—the three men moved quickly towards the poor MacGrigor carried an axe, Currie an adze and McDonald a hammer.

Big George sensed them. He left the poop and raced along the deck waving his pistol. But MacGrigor stopped fast.

The plan was operating without a hitch. Nicholas and Christina were trapped in their cabin. Nicholas in desperation switched up his revolver and fired twice. Both shots

went wide and he was killed. Christina appealed to his supporters and was spared. With Christina in tow, the British were once again in control.

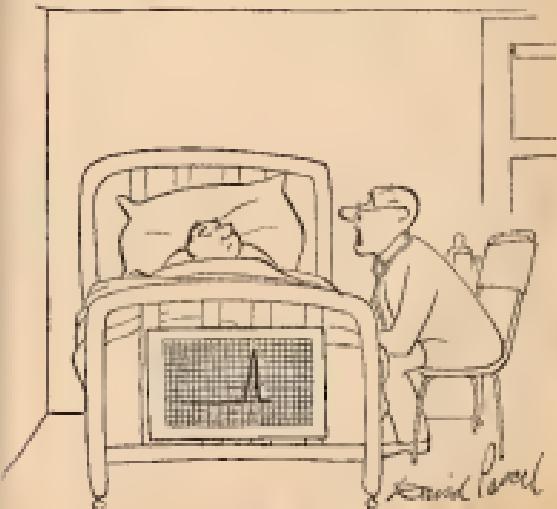
Currie could have taken her back to the River Nile but decided to set the course for Queenstown, their original destination. The Corwall reached the Irish coast on May 18. From there she was escorted into Queenstown by a British gunboat.

On July 27 of the same year, Captain Angelo was brought to trial at Cork.

He was found guilty, sentenced to

death and hanged in August. Nearly three years had passed by and the two Italians had not been apprehended. Then in the early months of 1919, Giuseppe Pintor was recognized in Mombasa and arrested. In an effort to cover his real identity he was using the name Francesco Maschini. Currie identified him as Pintor and he was taken to Cork for trial. He was sentenced to death and was executed.

Giuseppe Pintor was still free. But whether he knew it or not the score for justice was even and the hand for him was abandoned.



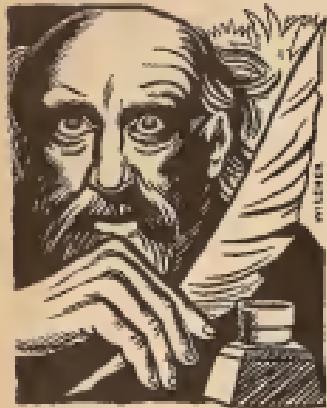
"Sorry I brought up the master of your belt yesterday."

PATTERNS
OF
PULCHRITUDE





BAYOU VENGEANCE



JAMES HOWARD LEEVEQUE

FIC
TION

They all laughed when old Prosper began to write his memoirs. But none knew that Prosper planned to make the Villers write the book.

FOR several days ago, old Prosper Mouton had been sitting on the steps of his little cabin, staring moodily at the sluggish waters of Bayou Poit. His Cajun neighbours watched curiously, wondering.

"It's batches something, that old one," said Andre Marceau, the unofficial mayor of Bayou. "Another scheme inspired by the devil to make papers of us all. Remember how he tried to borrow our money to build a road sin before the corporation built them?"

"And has plan to pool our trapping lands to fight the syndrome," said Madame Fontenot. "Just stupid-in! Prosper reads too many books it is unhealthy!"

The next afternoon his neighbours stopped wondering and began laughing. Prosper had lounged around Andre Marceau's general store for quite a while before remarking sadly, "I am well past seventy now. I am too old to fish, too old to hunt. There is nothing left for me to do but write my autobiography—the history of my life."

Someone asked, "But Prosper, how you make a living, then?"

Prosper did not remind them that his old age would now be secure if they had trusted him more and outsiders less—or if his son had not died so mysteriously with a knife hole in his back.

He shrugged. "My needs are simple, men avil. A little food and tobacco, a little clothing. I have my house and my books. Heaven will surely provide for the rest of my creatures."

Frequently thereafter, trappers who paddled in their pirogues along the bayou reported seeing Prosper, sitting at a book-laden table under the live oak tree in his side yard, writing busily, scarcely taking time to wave to them as they passed. Every week or ten days, he would walk from his home on the outskirts of Bayou to the post office and there deposit in the mail's belly, sealed envelope addressed to a Lafayette attorney.

"For safekeeping until I get it all finished," he explained at the store one day. "I do not want my manuscript stolen."

Many jokes were made about that, after Pierre had left. Tous-les-de-Dieu, who would want to steal the story of such a dull life?

Several weeks passed and Prosper began to lose weight noticeably.

"He is hungry, that old one," somebody remarked. "Heaven is not providing, after all. Who eats meat, and how does one meat, eating in the shade of a tree writing the story of one's life, ho?"

Pere Frasset, the roly-poly old priest, passing at that moment, overheard. The following Sunday, while his congregation squirmed in the May heat, he delivered an hour-long sermon on the sins of the tongue, quoting authorities through the centuries from St Paul and St Augustine to the biology of his own species.

Perhaps it was this that caused everyone to fall silent when Prosper

per entered Marceau's store the next Saturday to purchase tobacco and coffee.

Andre Marceau, with a broad smile at the others, asked, "How is the history of your life marching these days, Prosper?"

The old Cajun shook his head. "My memory is not as good as it was," he replied slowly. "I have forgotten a few details, here and there. For instance, do you remember many years ago, Andre, when you were hunting down Spanish moss and old Black Henry accused you of shooting him, saying your snakes were crooked? I don't remember whether you hit him with a mesquite cleaver or a cane knife."

Andre Marceau's two best pals, "It was self-defense—everybody knew it was self-defense!"

"Everybody knew about your sonin, too, Andre."

Marceau responded. "I thought—we all thought—you were writing the story of your life, Prosper."

"But I am!" the old Cajun protested. "Black Berry did it, my arms. Can I help it if the story of my life necessarily includes much history of this community and of the people in it?"

He paused a moment, watching the entire group, then went on amiably, "Ah, what interesting things I have to say about you all! Things—said—that many of you do not even suspect I know! I can hardly wait until my book is published and being read everywhere!" Smiling giddily, he picked up his package and left.

A bomb full of stones could not have exploded in Bayou with greater violence. In no time at all, the village西北 with curiosity. What was he writing—that old

pelican hawk? More to that, he had been sitting there under that oak tree writing for weeks. What terrible things had he been saying about them all?

There were some who felt an anxiety deeper than curiosity. One of these, Julie Leffman, called on Prosper that very evening.

"There are things," he said in French, "a man likes to forget—will have forgotten by tomorrow."

"A natural human sentiment," Prosper agreed.

"I am not responsible for what will happen to anyone who signs up reactions I want left buried!"

"But Julius' Year brother whisky was the very best in all Louisiana! Even the revenue agent who was shot admired that—before he died."

Julie Leffman's face was grim. "Nevertheless, you old fool, I demand that you say nothing—notting, do you understand?—about me in this book you are writing!"

Prosper's voice became very soft. "That sounds reasonable, almost like a threat. But surely it can't be. Because, of all people, you should find it in your interest to see that I live long enough to revise the portion of the manuscript my lawyer now is keeping the man keeping sealed, unless, unless I die, by anyone but me."

Leffman glared. Prosper continued, "I wrote it while I was hungry. Julius, and a hungry man will often say things which later, if his stomach were full, he would find it convenient to leave unsaid."

Julie Leffman knew a proposition when he began one. Facts as an actor, his attitude changed, became one of intense concern.

"Shameful! But Prosper, my old friend, you should have told us. We will never forgive ourselves!

18 CAVALCADE November, 1954

To think that while we were living so well, you—" He leaned forward. "Night at the moment, Gideotis is making court-bouillon—of red snapper. How does that sound, hem?"

Prosper smiled his pleasure.

Julie straightened and moved to the door but stopped to add, "It may even be that you will soon be so busy eating you won't have time to write, hem?"

"It may even be," Prosper agreed. An hour later, he sat down to the first full meal he had eaten in weeks.

It was past midnight when he awoke to the sound of a faint tapping on his back window.

"It's Celeste," a woman's voice said in answer to his call. "Be quiet, Prosper."

He did not go outside. The night was black and Celeste seemed excited.

"—I had to see you, Prosper! For hours I have been trying awake, almost frantic. Finally, I could stand it no longer. I had to come."

"You left your husband at home?"

"Yes."

"This book you are writing, Prosper—there are certain things Armand does not know . . ."

"About his cornfield, perhaps? And a handsome young man from Lafayette who, when Armand was away, would wait there in the evening for—someone?"

She began sobbing now, quietly, her head bent against his window sill, her shoulders moving uncontrollably.

"I have died a million deaths," she choked. "If Armand should ever learn of it—"

"I don't intend that he shall, Celeste."

She looked up. "Then you won't—I mean—"

"No, I will not write anything of it."

Suddenly she was crying again, harder than ever, but the tone of it was different. "Oh, Prosper, I am so relieved! One day I shall do something for you!"

Prosper smiled. He had been patient enough, he decided. Now he would think of himself.

"It has been a long time, Celeste, since I tasted a bottle of your blackberry wine—the best by far in the whole parish. An occasional bottle of good wine makes it no much easier to forget many things. And it will help us to celebrate a little joke of our own, now."

In the days that followed, gifts were many. A baked ham from

Alecia Tunny (who owned a dock of cracked oysters), a basket of creolefish bouillab from Madame Pomponne (who secretly practiced astrology), six jars of fig preserves from Antoine Toussaint (who had adopted an orphan who looked just like him).

Pete Fratello, observing that visitors generally with some surprise (and a little suspicion) nevertheless approved. Why, it was almost as though the town had adopted Prosper! When the old priest (who, as everybody knew, had led a blameless life) contributed two dozen eggs, all of whom attached to feeding, Prosper was relieved; Gita pointed in Soon Prosper's little kitchen, balanced



"It's just bad considering he made it the same day he bought the battle."

with food. He had never eaten so well.

Presently it was noticed that he no longer wrote. Instead about at Marquette's store one day, he replied, "I find it too uncomfortable, writing on a full stomach."

Everybody laughed uproariously and Marquette gave him a pair of old rubber boots to be left.

But it was also noticed that Prosper was seen about the village more frequently. Observing his neighbour's restlessness, Whistling Gathering—now, the chiant—more inclined to write when he got hungry again!

A sudden wave of restlessness, foreign to the character, swept over Marquette. There were no games of *coup-de-taquin*, to Saturday night dances at which fights could occur. Everybody was in his own home, in his own bed, by nine o'clock. An official review could not have been more rigidly observed.

There were, which, here and there Jean Piret, for one. He met Prosper beside the bakery one day and said in French, "I am not such a dupe as the others. Prosper from me you will get no tribute."

"Tribute?" These friendly girls?

Jean snorted and sped into a clump of winter hyacinths. "Tribute," he reported. He was a tall man, scented and hard, more worldly than most. "You have everybody afraid of you. Except me. I think."

"You were always a great one for making jokes, even and though I don't see people—the workers of the Northern Fur Company among them—would not think you funny."

"What do you mean by that?" Piret demanded.

"A great joke, Jean," Prosper cracked. "They are probably wondering to this day why their constant traps near Shell Island

were always empty."

Piret's face was ashen. "I don't know what you're thinking about!"

"But I do. For one whole morning I watched. A mystery goes on of the funniest, believe me, Jean."

Piret leaned forward, maniacal in every line of his face. "Prosper, did you ever hear of blackmail?" he asked.

"Mais, oui. Yet as one—look at all you, Jean—would want me to tell in open court, under oath, all I have seen."

"And then, have you heard of that?"

"Mais, oui."

"Print that about me and I'll sue you."

"I am an old man, Jean, with only a year or two remaining. When I spend them all in consequences to me. A gall is as good as anywhere else. A money judgment, yes, you would do you no good, I have nothing."

"Well I am a great fool to be arguing with you. No publisher would ever print the story of your life, Marquette or trust I shall tell that to everyone at the store, too."

"We shall see, Jean, we shall see."

That night Prosper wrote a letter to a book publishing firm.

Pere Francois visited Prosper next day.

He descended the ladder steps to the high front porch and stopped his horse with a damp handkerchief.

"I have come," the old priest said, "to make a speech."

"And in time for a cup of coffee," Prosper replied, pouring. "Sit down, Pere Francois."

The priest sat and accepted the drink. "There are many who are very obtuse," he began. "I do not perceive truths quickly or easily

such very likely it is why, at my age, I am not a bishop or even a monsignor. I must look closely and listen, and guess. Lately I have been doing a great deal of guessing."

Prosper said nothing. Pere Francois sipped his coffee and continued. "In recent weeks, Marquette has been strangely law-abiding. It is uncomfortable and unnatural. It is not human. To my knowledge, there has not been a general moral nor commented in Marquette for weeks." He looked into his eyes meditatively. "Sister," he added, "appear to have had our spirit."

"You should feel complimented."

The priest looked searchingly at Prosper. "Sheriff?" he asked. Then he went on. "I am a man who likes to come to grips with the devil. I like to get my fingers around his scull—soil and squeeze. But I find, suddenly, that the devil has vanished. So I have been laughing and giggling!"

He finished his coffee and stood up. "First, I come here today to say two things. First, this excess of platitude would be commendable if it were due to a proper love of God and not to a fear of man. Second, I suspect you are doing a dangerous—if not a criminal—thing. Sooner or later, the old will blow off and you will be sitting on it However, Prosper, send thank you for the coffee."

Jean Piret must have made good his threat, for Prosper's neighbours began treating him with mixed tolerance and the girls stopped complimenting.

Then the sheriff, riding in a shiny new car that trailed a long cloud of shell dust, called into Marquette. He was a big man with a hearty laugh and a memory for names.

"It's a social visit," he announced to Prosper, after which

there was much hand-squeaking and back-slapping. "There's an election next year," he explained with a smile, "and if you good people vote me out I'll have to go to work at something honest. So I've come down to buy a few votes."

Everybody laughed and the sheriff bought drinks all round.

Then he asked about Prosper. "I haven't seen him for years. Is he still here?" Several offered to show him where Prosper lived, but he said only, "No, I can find it," and walked alone down the beaten trail past Granite Field to the old Cajun cabin.

They got down to business at once, those two.

"I have had my trap country, over many weeks," said Prosper. "As my lawyer told you, I am ready to tell it."

"With yourself as host." The sheriff shook his head. "I don't like it, Prosper."

The old Cajun's eyes looked into the sheriff's with an intense, almost fraternal, light. "How else can I find the murderer of my son before I die?" he asked.

The officer shivered. "I shall be here with a deputy on the night you name. I hope your scheme works."

"I shall expect you after dark, three days hence."

The natives of Marquette suspected everything but the truth. The majority guessed that the sheriff had heard of Prosper's book and had come to suppress him.

The next evening, Prosper got an answer to the letter he had written to the book publisher. He opened it in Marquette's store and showed it around.

"Very happy to read the book manuscript you mention and to publish it upon mutually agreeable terms if it meets our needs."

Although the letter amounted to

a formal reply, the Captain of Brayers saw it in a box, side after side print Prosper's book *Jean Pricot* was thoroughly discredited.

That same afternoon, the word went around "Prosper is writing again." Up and down the bayou, in every house, the reports spread. "Have you heard?" Prosper is writing again.

SOMETIME the news had an ominous sound. Gradually the units of food were returned. Even Jean Pricot, who would not be duped, contributed several boxes of paper sauce. But it was different now and the feeling grew that this could not go on for long, that something must happen.

And Prosper began acting queerly. He greeted his visitors with sudden rebozois, looking for all the world like a man who has stumbled on the hidden gold of Jean Lefflir.

To one he would whisper, "I have discovered something, men see something big." And would say no more.

To another, "I never expected my book would solve a great mystery. It will be a sensation."

And again, "Each time I write about the life of someone in Brayers, he would laugh rudely and return to his work."

By nightfall Prosper's words had been repeated in every ear, exaggerated and distorted at each retelling.

What mystery did he mean? What life would be shortened? He was unsafe—the country should be asked to look him up.

But there was much soul-searching in Brayers that night, a growing, growing anxiety. And around some hearts the sharp fingers of fear clutched.

Neg day the tension grew worse. The villagers spoke little and laughed not at all. From time to

time one of them, bearing a gift, would walk through the shimmering midsummer heat to Prosper's cabin. No one learned anything definite, but all came away more disturbed than ever by vague new hints.

"This man who will die—you know him well, Tchakhepa . . ." "It is not only a mystery, man said, it is a criminal mystery . . ." "Tell the police! But why? I am as no hurry. Besides, it is I who deserve the credit and my book which needs a finishing chapter."

In the afternoon, "You have guessed correctly. I know the murderer of my son!" Tapping his manuscript, "It will all be here, Azard, and—have no fear—as soon as it's finished, about two hours more, I shall take it to town and put it in the road, under protection of federal law."

When this information reached the ears of the man for whom it was intended, several things would be quickly clear to him. First, he could not let Prosper nail this manuscript, for any evidence it contained would then be out of his reach forever; second, he could not afford to take the chance that Prosper was lying or that his clue was worthless; finally, somehow, he must keep Prosper from talking.

The old Chayon straightened and his thin chest swelled with pride. The murderer had to choose and every choice was evil.

An hour after nightfall Prosper heard the call of a boretche, clear and musical in the humid air. The sheriff, having arrived by a circuitous route, was ready.

Prosper took his time. He needed time. If his scheme was working, the murderer of his son was watching now, waiting for him to begin the long walk up the lonely levee path to town. He tucked a thick brown overcoat under his

arm, slipped a tilted black felt hat on his head, blew out the cigarette long and walked leisurely to the door.

It was cooler outside. Mosquitos群集 around him and Bullfrog spoke hoarsely. A bird screamed in the swamp across the bayou. Prosper moved off into the night into the darkness he knew was waiting for him.

It would be a death stroke. The murderer would not risk the house as a gun or the probability that the author would be identified. He would strike stealthily.

Prosper knew this path like the palm of his hand, every turn, every sprout, every clump of grass. He moved in noiseless silence. He recognized the shaft—a dim, croaking shadow behind a bush beside the bayou—but gave no sign.

The deputy was probably somewhere ahead.

The path turned sharply and Prosper heard the unwary footfall of the sheriff, following him now some fifty feet behind. Rushing the overbank, Prosper was within twenty feet of the spot where his son had been slain when he heard a long, sharp, sharp cry.

With no more warning, the blow fell. A sharp pain cut through Prosper's left shoulder and he tumbled to the ground. The village was reached from his grip.

The sheriff heard the noise and crashed forward, shouting. His flashlight cut into the darkness too low to show him the turn in the path, and he sprawled headlong into the bushes.

Prosper heard the thud of rob-



"Boy, will they be surprised to see me!"

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ring feet disappear into the cornfield.

The sheriff, coming reluctantly, stumbled out of the shelter and pounded into the field. After a hurried search he returned and examined Prosper's wound.

"Hit the shoulder blade—may not be bad. How do you feel, Prosper?"

The old Cossack nodded his head.

"My back," the sheriff apologized. "Stupid. All my fault your trip failed."

Prosper snarled faintly. "I did not fall complaisantly, man and. He must show himself again presently. He is more desperate now than ever."

"We bounged the job but so did home that what you meant?"

Prosper closed his eyes and did not answer. It was not what he meant.

He heard the deputy thrashing around in the cornfield, heard him fire twice. Without result, for in a few moments he came up breathing hard.

"He got clean away, sheriff. Guess so think there may not even be any bootstrap. Here's Prosper!"

"Knifed wound in the back," the sheriff replied. "And be lost the envelope. Help me carry him to her cabin."

"Oh, I understand, isn't he?"

The sheriff nodded.

Prosper let them believe it. Despite the sharp pain, he felt a grim satisfaction. For in his mind was a picture of his son's murderer tearing open the envelope to find in it only blank pages and realizing that he should have expected a trick; that the real manuscript was not there.

Urgent questions would be crowding the murderer's brain. Was

CAVALCADE, November, 1954

Prosper still alive? Was he a chance to live? Was he able to talk? Where was the manuscript? How much did the sheriff know?

There was no choice of action now. Running away would be a confession of guilt, acting still could cost him his last chance of getting Prosper and the manuscript. He had been backed into a corner from which there was only one possible way to escape.

All thoughts must have been flying alert, waiting for the shot. Within five minutes, half a dozen Cossacks had come to Prosper's cabin and every minute added more. Petrov, Marashil, Gheorghe, Jules, Balan—all old Prosper's neighbors came armed to the teeth. Petru Frunza, who had taken a civilian doctor left-old enough, bandaged Prosper's shoulder.

"He must stay in bed and have quiet, absolute quiet!" the old priest ordered, pushing everyone from the bedroom. "Not someone must remain with him while I go to telephone a doctor."

Prosper heard a jumble of sounds then as several persons volunteered. He heard the sheriff organizing searching parties, the grille of pain on the kitchen as somebody made coffee. Presently the searching parties left and random voices settled over the little house.

After two or three minutes the bedroom door opened and closed

quietly a loose door board squeaked and creaked. Someone had entered and now stood behind the bed.

Prosper kept his eyes closed. He heard muffled breathing and sensed that he was being watched intently. Was this the murderer? Or had the murderer entered this perfect chance to strike?

Apparently convinced that Prosper still was unconscious, the intruder moved away. The old Cossack heard him lurching about the room, opening drawers, rifling through漫漫 old papers, searching for something.

Prosper opened his eyes slightly. Through barely parted lashes he looked directly into the mouth of a steaming hot foot boot from his heel.

The end of the barrel was at the far edge of the window sill in Prosper's disconsolate corner of the room and the men behind it were invisible in the night outside.

Was it the murderer, the old Cossack wondered, lying in wait for a second attack?

The barrel was pointed away from Prosper—pointed toward the back of the other man who, standing near the turned-down fore-some lamp, was oblivious to everything but the contents of a large brown envelope.

He had found the manuscript. As Prosper recognized it, the man turned abruptly, giving Prosper barely time to close his eyes, ap-

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stratched the bed and stood beside it a long time.

Then the old Cajun caught the unexpressable sound of a hunting knife being drawn past the metal guard of the sheath.

He looked up quickly, in time to see the whirling motion of an arm and a brief instant: such as the knife sped across the room and disappeared through the window.

There shrilled a piercing scream drowned by the roar of the shotgun fired blindly.

The man in the room was Andre Gravina, the wooden mayor of Bruyere. He saw Prosper sit and shudder. "I got him! I got him," Prosper. The murderer came back to kill us both."

He leaped across the room and stumbled through the window to the ground outside.

The night suddenly was alive with shouts and the sound of running feet. The screaming portion, bearing the shot, were converging on the cabin from all directions.

The man on the ground was Andre Mercier, the stonemason. They brought him in, the knife buried in the hill at his throat, and pinned him upon a nail spread on the front-room floor.

Over and over, to each newcomer Gravina excitedly told what had happened—how he had been standing behind Prosper's bed when he ignited the gas barrel he had secured his lucky hit.

To his Cajun neighbour, it began to make sense, too. They looked at each other in the yellow lamp-light and remembered differences Mercier and Prosper had had through the years. The cross gas, Andre sending his daughter away to keep her from seeing Prosper's gas, the stonemason's fear that

Prosper's book would reveal too much of the past.

Gravina demanded, "I see at all times why Andre killed Prosper, son, why he felt he must destroy Prosper himself."

A SUDDEN knock fell on the group. The bedroom door swung open slowly and Prosper, whom they had thought still unconscious in bed, stood there. His right hand was on his left shoulder to hold the bandage in place. His legs were trembly and he wavered slightly.

Several persons started towards him but the jolt in his gait stopped them. His gaze was fixed on Andre Gravina and his lips trembled around as he spoke.

"Armand," he said, "you be."

Armand Gravina's face went white. He choked, "Prosper—you old fraud—you are ill!"

"You killed my son, Armand. And you killed Andre because he had guessed too much."

Gravina turned to the other Cajuns. "Help me put him back to bed, men avins. This terrible shock is making him say foolish things..."

No one moved. Prosper continued. "I told only one person I would be on that path tonight. You, Armand. Only the killer knew he didn't get the real manuscript when he attacked me, so only the killer would have reason to come back and ravish my room for it."

Gravina gasped, "But he did—Andre came back!"

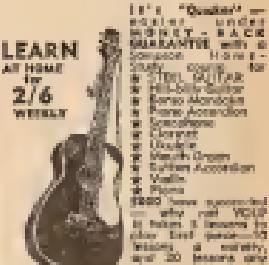
"He was watching Armand. The real killer would never dare plan to use a shotgun when surrounded by a sheriff's posse. But you saw him there, realized he had been watching you, and you saw a chance to fix the blame on him."

Gravina appealed to the others. "Can't you see—he's talking out of his head, he?"

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Priester's voice was flat. "My manuscript, Armand. Give it to me."

The priest died on Grevin's lap. He stood quiet, as expressionless as the corpse on the floor.

No one spoke; no one moved. No one seemed able even to breathe.

A cold wind stole across the room, and the yellow lamplight flickered weirdly.

Without warning, Grevin lashed out at Priester, knocking him sprawling. He stiffened as he saw past two surprised trappers hauled to the front door and onto the porch. His booted feet swung down to the ladder steps and met empty air. Grevin sprawled helplessly on the ground.

Immediately Père François was at his side. He caught the fugitive's arm and for a moment it was difficult to tell whether he was holding him down or helping him rise.

In that moment, the sheriff and the Cagoue surrounded them.

"The steps!" Grevin cried angrily. "You took them away!"

The old priest nodded. He said quickly, "Yes, Armand, I was setting latrines and glanced your initiation. Hearing every was no solution for your trouble and I knew that later you would regret it bitterly. So I kicked the ladder aside."

Grevin's throat choked up suddenly and anger left him. His shoulders moved convulsively in great dry sobs.

"Everybody—even you, Père François—is against me!" He stared around the circle of faces. "But it was a mistake when I married Priester's son—an innocent I guess it. I thought he was the one Galante—"

"You killed Andrin, too," the priest said.

"I was desperate, surrounded by my friends—all hunting me—and gave a chance . . ."

Père François nodded. "Perhaps," he said, "the jury will be tolerant. In my case, while God will not condone your deeds He will know how to make due allowance for human frailties."

Grevin wept.

Under the white glare of flashlights, the sheriff noticed Grevin. Inside the Capo's shirt, under the belt, he found the manuscript. He handed it to the priest to hold.

Priester came up, leaning heavily on Père François' arm.

Père François said firmly, "I thought I left orders for you to stay in bed, Priester. The doctor is coming and will be here in an hour." Then, slowly, he thumbed through the manuscript.

When Père François looked at Priester again his gaze was inscrutable. They were probably the only two men present who would have recognized the manuscript as a faithful copy, down to the last comma, of W. Somerset Maugham's *The Moon and Sixpence*.

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Benson intended to appeal. If he did, it meant the chair for Barker. So Barker did a nice job of "shaped" minds — he thought.

D O W N

CLE GARNON • FICTION

THE highway ribbed out white in the moonlight, and Barker, behind the wheel of the powerful black limousine, kept his foot hard on the accelerator pedal as the miles of quiet country terrain faded swiftly past.

Barker's face, in the faint illumination that came from the dashboard, was taut, determined. His eyes were dark,ullen,hard. Ahead, a sharp curve rustled warningly toward him, but Barker did not release his pressure on the accelerator or the clutch. The tires screamed hoarsely and the limousine fought to stay within the laws of gravity as Barker took it around the curve at seventy.

The highway stretched straight again, and Barker's mind returned to the two letters regular in his inside pocket. The two letters from old Benson, both of which had been written to Barker. Barker could have repeated their content word for word.

One of them was a contest—one that would send Barker to the chair, although Paul Benson couldn't see it.

Barker's teeth were bared in rage as he thought of that letter. He would say that no one but himself bore the brunt of it, would he? That was a laugh. Once the rains were postponed, once the copper got on the road again, everything would come to light, whether Benson wanted it or not.

And of everything came to light, Barker would hang.

Benson was old, and his mood was slipping out there on his hectorious country estate, with nothing to do all day long but think. He had let his conscience start nibbling.

There was another sharp bend in the road, and Barker whipped the heavy car around it without slackening speed, while the headlights caught a roadside sign in their glare for an instant.

"Marienville," the sign said, "in Miles."

That was good. Benson's place was a little less than twenty miles this side of Marienville. Barker looked at the clock on the dashboard. The limousine hands gave the time as eight o'clock. This was Thursday, and Benson's servants always left about that time on Thursday to spend their evening off in Marienville.

Benson was twenty years older than Barker. They could have Benson and what the hell difference would it make? But if the old fool opened his mouth to nephilim himself Barker would hang with him. He didn't intend to let the lame-brain, maniacal conceit of a rich old man send him to the gallows.

That was why Barker had the second letter with him. The letter which had been written months before the other. The letter Benson had written him on the occasion his illness took a definite turn for the

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were. That letter, too, Barker could have quoted from memory.

"Dear Jeff,

"I have learned now that I will never again be completely well. The suffering that has ahead of me seems unbearable. I don't think it would be cowardly to take the quick way out. If I do, please understand."

"Yours,

"Paul Benson"

The old fool hadn't taken his life, of course. Barker had gone to him and talked him out of it. But now Barker was glad he had kept that note. It would lend the final touch of authenticity when found inside Barker's body.

It was a little later than half an hour later when Barker, indecent notion that there were no other cars on this stretch of highway, turned off down the rutted back road that led to Benson's little estate. Barker had planned this in advance, also. For only after the job was done would he drive back out on to the highway and down a half-mile to the front entrance of the Benson estate. Then he would "discover" Benson's body.

Half a mile from the big house, Barker stopped his car and got out. Through the trees he could see that all the lights in the servants' quarters were off, and that only the drawing-room and the adjoining study were alight.

Barker went the rest of the way on foot, stopping once at the garage to make certain that the violin wagon and the other car were gone.

He made his way across the lawn to the windows of the drawing-room.

There was no one inside. Only two lamps were lit, and a fire crackled in the grate. Barker moved

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centrally to the window that permitted view into the adjoining study.

Benson sat in there before a desk till while later reaching over a book on the desk. His hand was to the window. Barker reacted in instinct and returned to the drawing-room window. It was a mere matter of a minute before he had skilfully opened it and lifted himself to the sill.

Barker lowered himself reluctantly into the room, smiling as he recalled that Benson's hearing, too, was failing. Swiftly, cat-like, Barker crossed the drawing-room to a corner desk. In the middle drawer, as he knew he would, he found the loaded shotgun Benson kept there.

Benson didn't hear Barker's stealthy approach from the drawing-room to the adjoining study.

And then Barker's hand was across Benson's startled mouth, shaking off the half-cry that started. The pistol that was ducking.

Barker, keeping hold with the smoking gun still in his hand, watched the old man slumped over his desk.

Then Barker went dexterously to work.

He freed the letter in his pocket. The one in which Beppie contained signed suicide. He placed it just beyond reach of Benson's fingers left hand. And in that hand he placed a fountain-pen, holding the still warm fingers around it. The hand held the pen only as long as Barker kept Benson's fingers wriggled around it. Then Barker allowed it to drop to the desk.

Barker pulled Benson's left arm from the desk then, lifting it high deeply from the dead man's side. He carefully wiped the stenographer of his own prints and, holding it gingerly as a handcricketer forced it into the fingers of that limp left hand much in the same manner as

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he had forced the pen. And after he had held Benson's fingers tightly around it an instant, he let the lifeless hand release the weapon, dropping it to the floor.

Snapping back, Harter normally cracked the details. They were all in order. The words note, the bullet-hole in the left temple, the gun on the floor beneath the lifeless hand.

Harter stepped around the desk and made a swift inspection of the pen. It contained the same faint shade of ink in which the suicide note had been written. Benson's favourite colour. Everything checked.

Going back into the drawing-room, Harter threw the two envelopes and the ransom letter in his pocket into the crackling fire. He watched them burn.

Then Harter left the house through the same window by which he had entered. He removed all possible fingerprints as he did so. He felt satisfied in checking that last angle. The scene was now perfect. The story would pass hands down.

Back at his car, Harter made a complete turn and—as he had imagined the back road—left cautiously, headlights off. When he reached the highway he again made certain that there were no cars in view.

He turned on his headlights as he swung out on to the highway. Half a mile down, he turned into the front roadway of the Benson estate. Two minutes later he stopped the

limousine on the white gravel driveway before the white-painted portico, and, leaving the motor running, went up to the front door. He rang the bell several times, knowing that there would be no answer. Then he buried his open palm furiously against the white surface of the door, noting with satisfaction that he left smudges there.

Four minutes later, driving recklessly, Harter was on his way to Martinsville. At the small sheriff's office in the town hall, Harter breathlessly announced himself to a dark, grey little man with a star on his vest and a gun at his side.

"Come," Harter groaned. "Quickly, I think he's dead!"

He had to repeat his story several times before the stupid little sheriff seemed to comprehend it.

"The lights were on, and when nobody answered I pounded on the door. Then I went around to the windows of the lighted room. I saw him slumped over his desk in his study. There was blood!" Harter knew he sounded convincingly distraught.

And then the sheriff called in another wrinkled local cop. He introduced him as Doctor Tracy, adding that he was the coroner around these parts.

Tracy had sparse grey hair and spectacles.

"We'd better get out there," he said. "You get your machine out, mate."

Driving furiously back to the Benson estate from Martinsville, Harter knew his heart was already half won. Invariably he prided at the additional good fortune that had given him two such goliath witnesses as the sheriff and wrinkled little Doctor Tracy.

Pulling up in front of the house, Harter pointed to three travelling-bags he'd left on the veranda.

A WARNING TO MEN IN MID-LIFE

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"I'd taken them out of the car, of course," he said. "In my excitement I left them there."

They broke the door in, and Barker followed on the heels of the coroner and the sheriff as they made their way into Benson's study. Barker's horror at what they found was可想而知.

"Seems like a clear enough case of suicide," the sheriff announced five minutes later. "He's sure enough has been in rotten health, and that note gives enough explanation."

"Poor Paul," Barker choked.

The coroner, still in the study with Benson's body, called to the sheriff. Barker slumped into a chair in the drawing-room and put his head in his hands. He suddenly realized that the coroner was whispering to the sheriff.

He looked up. Looked up to see the dark, grey little figure of the sheriff, backed by the unexpected roar of a coroner, coming back into the room with a revolver in his hand pointed ominously at Barker. Barker started to run.

"No tricks, Master Miller," the sheriff drawled. "We're holding you for the murder of Paul Benson!"

"Why, you're *crazed*!" Barker said hoarsely. "It's as plain a case of suicide as—"

"That's music," the coroner said dryly. "Not shot in the left temple with a gun he held in his left hand."

"But he was left-handed," Barker persisted, feeling a sudden vast flood of relief. "You can get anyone who knows him well to tell you that!"

"I been doctoring him for the last four months," the coroner, Doc Vincy, said unsmilingly. "I know he was a left-handed man. He'd had to use his right. Yes, complete paralysis set into his left arm just four weeks ago."

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QUICK TIPS

Money is a necessary commodity. It is said that money talks, but it does not say anything to us except "goodbye". Money is a word talk of it may roll around long enough to get exhausted.

Doctors say that postal notes carry germs. You can take that with a grain of salt—germs could not live on a postal note these days. We have to earn double the money now to live. And the way to double your money is to fold it over and pocket it.

In U.S.A. they are efficient in India they are erratic, which reminds me that the caste system in India is regarded as something not done here. We do have a caste system here, though—anglo castes there, we had a champion co-chess named Shashi Kapoor and we root our money after because who trusts her? But in India the caste system is different. They have some people called aristocrats. And, of course, an aristocrat is a snob who has just paid his income tax.

On the subject of money, you know the expression, "Give you a penny for your thoughts." With some people it is just another example of criticism. We have a girl in our office just like that.

We read where a doctor and man strike the body at its weakest point. That explains why our office girl always has a headache.

This girl is always tired. She says a day would be improved if it started at some time other than in the morning.

Actually our office girl likes to crack jokes. She impressed me earlier that she was witty. Still, he was half right.

To get back to money, it may not buy happiness, but if you have plenty of it, you can make your own choice of a wide variety of unhappiness.

As money and women go hand in hand, we return to women. And the topic of conversation was our office girl. She is a great bird lover. "You should always protect birds," she says. "The little dove brings peace and the stork brings little tax exemption."

Maybe you would like the name of our office girl? Well, it is "Gibby Chibby". It's a joke. Her parents meant to name her Sandra, but the midwife fell into the font. Her name, officially, was LeRoy. But everything that happened to her has been called "Fort-LeRoy".



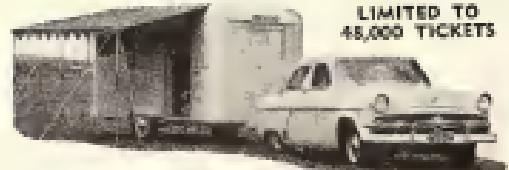
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